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**GEM OF THE
SCHOOL ROOM**

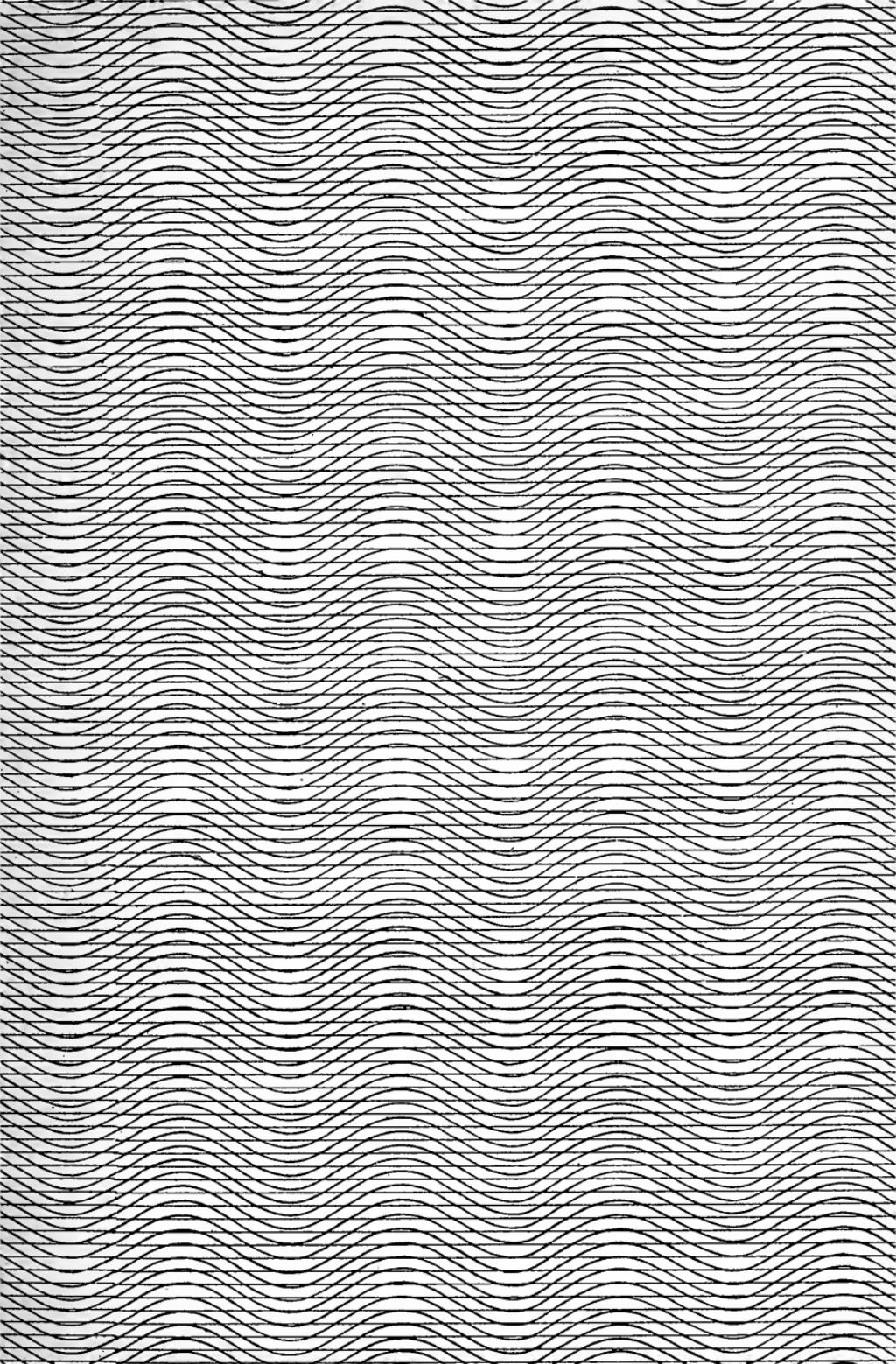


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Alie D. Estee.

The Gem of the School Room

RECITATION BOOK OF

PROSE AND POEMS

With Illustrations

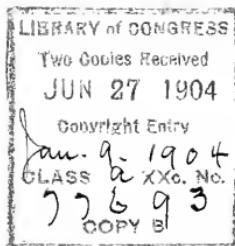
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ALICE D. ESTES



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PREFACE

This work I place before the public trusting that it will be received by both old and young with a hearty good cheer; that the little ones will imbibe the thoughts herein told, and that the older ones will smile approvingly. Every line is original. Many of the sadder pieces are the essence of my own heart, while those of the sublime are the very vibrations of my inmost soul.



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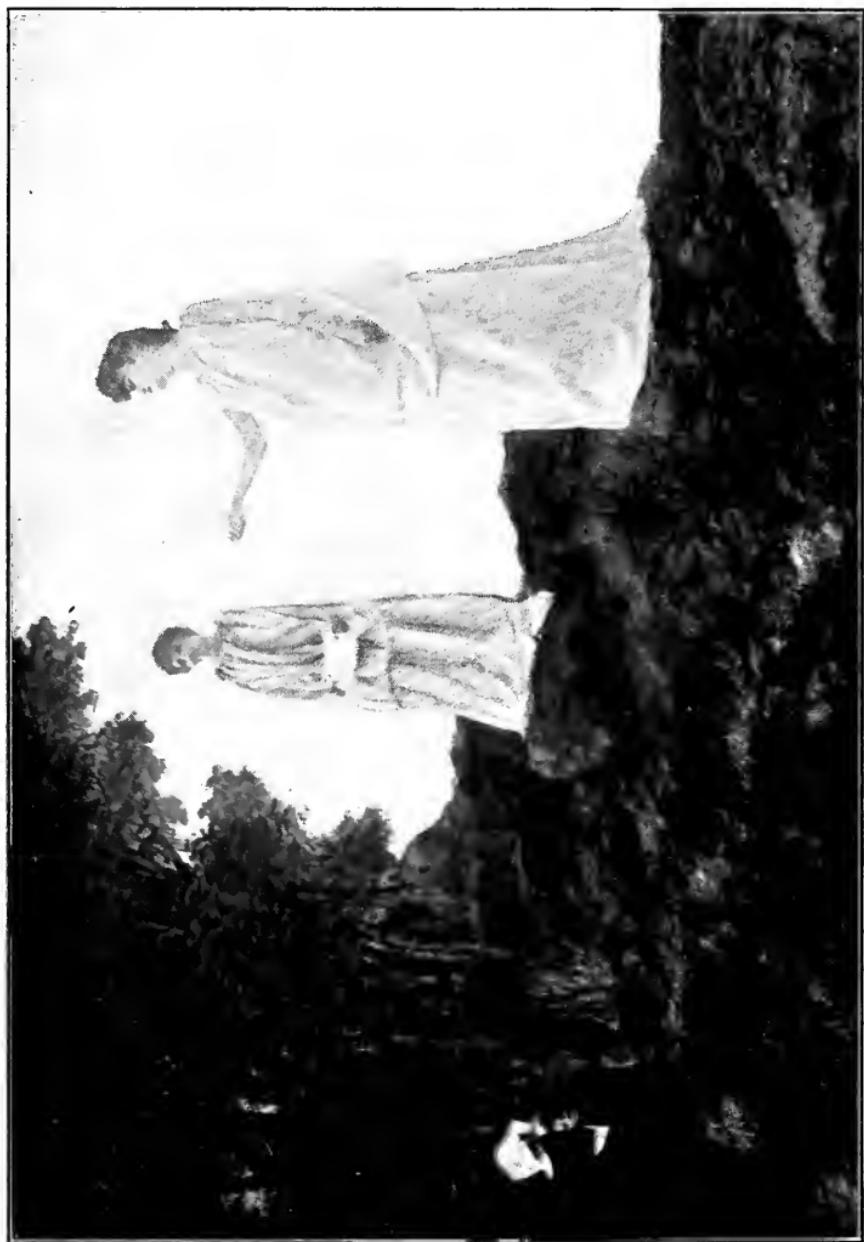
"HOPE."

Hope.

Hope is the emblem of faith,
A foot set free from earth;
Enshrine thou her, and mannaith,
She's the goddess of thy birth

(1)

(1) *Ma'naith*, worship in security.



*“Hope reaches a hand unto all,
On, on up the hill thou must climb.”*

POEMS AND PROSE

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY

Hope reaches a hand unto all,
On, on, up the hill thou must climb;
Oh, heed then, thy course, else thou fall,
Vim's loftier mount is sublime.

Though stumblest thou oft on thy way,
Yet falter not ; see ! there is Hope ;
Love is the dawn of the day,
With adversity dire she can cope.

I AM COMING

Blessed Jesus, I am coming,
Singing praises in the gloaming ;
Thine enshrined love I seek,
Of thy blessings great I speak.

Thou spreadest bounties near and far,
Lifting the veil that life doth mar,
Sending thy joy ever abroad,
Thou art a halo, Oh, my God.

A GLIMPSE OF THE SUBLIME

God in his great and all-wise power,
Can aye work wonders in an hour ;
Lifting us from lurid tides of woe,
From dismal regions far below,

To soar to yon regions on high,
 Rifting the dark clouds from our sky,
 Letting the waters of fruition flow,
 Giving us joy and true peace below.

His magic wand he now unfurls,
 And sorrow from out pathway hurls ;
 Gladsome peace with her smile steps in,
 Her regal calmness is woe's chagrin.

EMBLEM OF FAITH, HOPE AND LOVE

A church lifts up its lofty spire,
 And nettles Sin's most wrathful ire ;
 Its bell resounds upon the air,
 And sin avaunts, I must declare.

Now people ushered up the aisle,
 The solemn pleasures do beguile ;
 The choir sets up its thrilling song,
 Oh, come to Jesus, come thou on.

Minister's sermon is most grand,
 And Gospel words go through the land ;
 Thus bringing in their wake true love,
 Consecrated to God above.

THE CLOUDS LIFTING AWAY

Sunday school bells were ringing,
 The choir had begun singing ;
 I walked up near the altar,
 As scholar I'll ne'er falter,

Presently the lesson begun,
 Poor Job's afflictions soon won
 The kind hearts of all that class,
 In their inmost souls held mass.

Praying God to bless the earth,
 And give their souls a new birth ;
 To brighten Life's toiling way,
 Giving strength renewed each day.

THE BIBLE

The Bible, blessed Bible,
 How thy truths effect me ;
 Aye, thou speakest a wisdom
 Of truth and faith in thee.

Thou tellest stories of peace,
 Of blessings and of great love ;
 Of an enshrined diadem
 Sent down from realms above.

LEND THOU A HELPING HAND

It is not what you preach
 Nor is it what you teach ;
 But 'tis what you do
 That mans Life's crew.

A good action kind
 Wins e'en a foul mind ;
 Will lead all aright
 To our God of light.

A true friend to dare
 Will rout the sin there,
 Will bring a glad smile
 And sorrow beguile.

DO THY DUTY

Do thy duty, whatsoever it may be
 Do thy duty in thy journey across Life's lea ;
 Do thy duty, toiling up the hill of life,
 Do thy duty through all its mysterious strife.

Do thy duty forever and forever,
 Do thy duty with a vim clear and clever ;
 Do thy duty, 'tis only thy just right,
 Do thy duty, and do it with thy might.

Oh, take thou thy aged father's cares on thy back,
And tread right along Life's commodious track ;
Do thy duty, for a life's battles are at stake.
Do thy duty, whether sleeping or whether awake.

Do thy duty, 'tis thy very own birthright,
Do thy duty, though there is but little light ;
Hearken to me, and heed the steps that thou shouldst
follow
Though they lead up life's hill and down life's hollow.

Perhaps they'll lead thee in a round-about way,
O'er life's toilsome lea and her furrowed clay ;
Aye, duty speaks a language of pure delight,
Oh, heed thou her right well, and heed her aright.

Oh, lend thou too, a helping hand at every turn,
And those who are within the ditch do thou not spurn ;
Every kind word is but a mighty deed foretold,
It is a glimpse of treasured sacks of silver and gold.

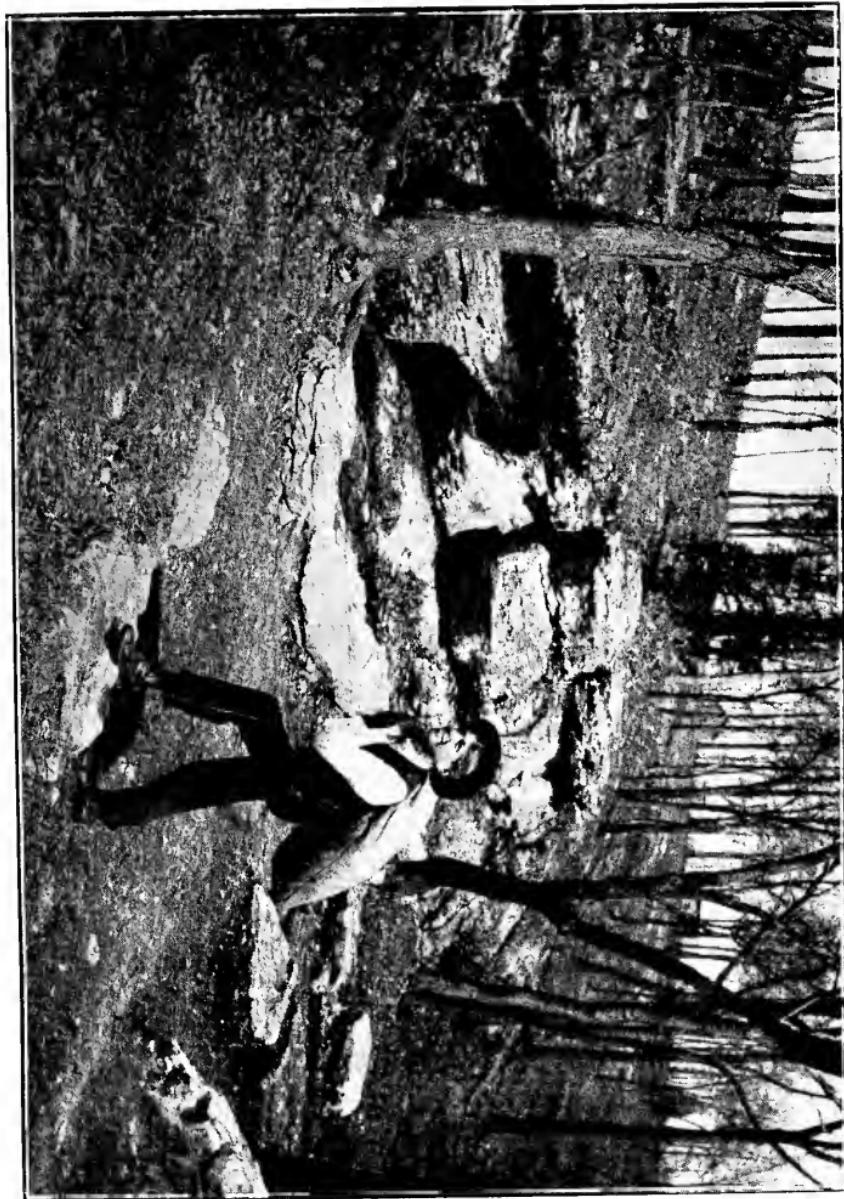
Thy aged mother speak thou ever kindly to,
Or else in other days thou surely it will rue,
And deeply moan the days that are forever gone,
Grasp the flickering sunbeams that on thee fawn.

Oh, secure them all, ere they elude thy grasp,
Exert thy power, else sorrow's mighty hand will clasp ;
Smile thou on this old world and she will smile on thee,
Oh! rift her grawsome clouds athwart her stormy lea.

Set up a divine goddess pure to thy delight,
Having ever for its guide the road to right ;
Oh, let that goddess be the temple of God,
And do not think that duty is a heavy rod.

Duty is the watchword that travels to his goal.
A rigid master he is, but no servile tool ;
By obeying his orders, thou doest good to all,
Aye, riding high above negligence's squall.

*"Oh, take thou thy aged father's cares on thy back,
And tread right along Life's commodious track."*



THE ALPHABET LEADING UNTO THE RIGHT

A's for the All-wise, the pious and true,
 He who guides steps aright the good to do.

B's for Blessings that come from God's hand,
 He who guides us along life's rugged strand.

C stands for Christian, the holy and meek,
 Those who in rectitude each other greet.

D stands for Deity, th' eternal God ;
 Oh, follow in the steps our Savior trod.

E stands for Eternity, the great beyond,
 Father-land to which we all should be bound.

F stands for the Father, our God above,
 He who's all-powerful in mercy and love.

G stands for God on high, the all-wise One,
 Who receives us if good, when our work is done.

H stands for Height of wisdom, peace and love,
 Extended to each and all from above.

I stands for Inure with the Church of God,
 Through the assemble of faith our fathers have trod.

J stands for Jesus, the martyr of the cross,
 He who was persecuted by the earth's vile dross.

K stands for the Knave who betrayed the Christ
 Ere the cock for the dawn had scarcely crowed thrice.

L stands for the Land of eternal life,
 Away beyond this world of war and strife,

M stands for Might and Main, to do and to dare,
 Then take up thy cross and thy burdens bear.

N's for Noah, the great builder of the Ark,
 Aye, life's saving vessel—that strong-freighted barque.

O's over the river, the other side,
 And there shrouded oarsmen across it do glide.

P stands for Power, which can do all things,
 Through divine wisdom and truth, our lives wings.

Q's for Quartet, to sing praises to God,
 To rout the dark sins with their holy rod.

R's for Religion, consecrated and pure,
 That of devout meekness which for aye will endure.

S stands for Savior who has gone before,
 Oh ! follow in His footsteps, I now implore.

T stands for Tariff on love and peace,
 Pay tariff, and to a new life take lease.

U's for Until old age in his grim flight
 Acquires the perseverance to do e'er right.
 V's for Vulture Sin, which ever destroys,
 Bandyng thee about as a budget of toys.
 W's for Wisdom, the great monarch of law,
 His teachings are right and without a flaw.
 X is for Xylophone, the music of light,
 March, Oh thou, along the road of right.
 Y stands for Yonder, across the cold river,
 The suggestion, I see, makes thee to shiver.
 Z's for Zenith, the height of Christ's love,
 A deep fruition sent down from above.

HEARKEN THOU UNTO DUTY

Oh! thou dweller in the dale,
 Cease thy woeful cry and wail;
 As the reapers on yon hill,
 Toil ever on thy way with skill.

Cast thy cares far, far away
 As thou toilst through each day;
 Murmur not at fate's hard blow,
 Oh! toil thou on row by row.

Thy reward will come ere long,
 Great joy then will be thy song;
 Duty's voice is ever grand,
 Though oft rigid her command.

ACROSS LIFE'S LEA

The towering mountain was steep,
 But the brave boy right up it went;
 The grim mountain rose in a heap,
 But a true, firm vigor it lent.

Oh, toil thy way across life's mead,
 Bravely take up thy cross to bear,
 Though slow at first may be thy speed,
 Grim poverty thou canst rout there.

Toil thou across life's lurening vale
 Though sordid woe lurks ever near ;
 Heed, Oh heed thou, her erring trail,
 Trusting in God without a fear.

Ah, yes, toil up the mountain steep,
 Oh, toil thou on and on thy way ;
 Though at first thou mayest but creep ;
 At life's summit is the dawn of day.

A rosy glow will tinge thy sky,
 A fair morn will spread o'er thee
 In the great mellow by and by,
 After toiling across life's lea.

BY THE STRANGE WHEEL OF FORTUNE

Some morn when we seek for our king on his throne
 We find he has fallen and loud is his groan ;
 That he is only a mortal after all
 Though great was his crown and frantic his call.

We miss the gaunt beggar from off the high street,
 Aye, the one who groveled at our very feet ;
 Ah yes, the one who begged alms at our door,
 Seeking a morsel from our bountiful store.

The ponderous wheel of fortune swings 'round,
 Lifting that beggar from cruelty's ground ;
 That grim wretch who had drained the bitter cup
 By the strange wheel of fortune was lifted up.

So in reverence we each should bow our head
 And remember that all by stern fate are led ;
 That the hand of Dame Fate our actions do wedge,
 Though our faith in God is forever a pledge.

AN EVENING SCENE

Say thy prayer soft and low,
 Bow thine head like this, just so ;
 Ask our Lord to bless us all,
 To heed thy humble cry and call.

Kiss dear papa, now to bed,
 On this pillow lay thy head ;
 Now kiss mama, dearest one,
 Go to sleep and wake with the sun.

HEED THOU THE VOICE OF DUTY

Oh ! be not thou a tippler,
 If thou do thou art a crippler ;
 For thou crippllest a great mind ;
 And sowest seeds among the swine.

Neglecting thou thy babes and wife ;
 Leaving them to grief and strife ;
 Oh ! be thou a man once more,
 Do thy duty, I implore.

Look to God and ask his aid,
 And be not thou of him afraid :
 Yea, he will ever assist thee,
 Do thy duty is his decree.

A WARNING

Oh, please never drink,
 Else thou wouldst blink ;
 Thy limbs would get weak
 And thy purse it would leak.

Thy dear wife would groan,
 Thy children would moan ;
 Then would poverty come
 To thee, Mummy Rum.

And sorrow would mar,
From happiness debar ;
Take heed whilst thou can,
And be thou a man.

THE FUTURE

In vain the dim future we try to reveal,
Whereas if we to the Father would kneel,
Asking his aid as we journey through life,
His fatherly guidance through calm and through strife ;
The veil of the future would then clear away,
Making all as bright as a fair May day.

Though at times dark clouds obscure our sky,
And weary are we and ready to die ;
Yet when looking beyond this dark veil of tears
We find we can laugh to scorn all our fears,
That into our lives will come gladness and joy,
Making us again a merry girl or boy.

So fare thee well to grim fear of yore,
Never by thee shall my steps linger more ;
Ever on down the river of Time I now ride
With no ghastly skeleton's grave by my side,
My life bark piloted, manned by firm hope,
Thus giving me strength with life's trials to cope.

LOOK, OH, THOU, TO GOD

Love thy neighbor, my dear child,
On foes I trust thou hast ever smiled ;
Always look to God above
To send thee peace, to send thee love.

To give thee strength to do and dare,
All that's right, aye, all that's fair.
And to guide thee on life's way,
Whether at work, or whether at play.

LITTLES ARE GIANT SYMBOLS

One brick upon another,
And the highest tower is made ;
One sin upon another,
And the deepest crime is laid.

One billow after another,
And the greatest wreckage done ;
One falsehood upon another,
And the longest yarn is spun.

One ray chasing another,
And the strongest light is made ;
One good deed, then another,
Are in gospel tints arrayed.

One minute, then another,
And the longest hour has run ;
One victory, then another,
And the greatest battle's won.

A STORM

A storm is majesty itself. It swells the soul to ethereal heights, and feeds the thoughts with suggestions of an Omnipotence.

FRUITS OF EVIL THAT CAN BE THWARTED BY
MAN'S HUMANITY TO MAN

A malicious feeling, a malicious smile, a malignant word has wrought the pitfall of many a frail, timid nature that otherwise would have proved one of the precious levers of humanity. There are those who toil honestly on day by day, surfs through cruel environments, whom one encouraging word, look or some trifling aid would raise to pinnacles, but, alas, through

the lack of that timely assistance, they flounder on poverty's strand, sicken and pass away, leaving, perhaps, loved ones behind who lose courage and go down into utter despair. Oh, friends, brothers, sisters, all, stop on the brink of destruction and view the work well. We all mean well, but we lack the vim and the courage to carry out our good intentions. We should humble ourselves, lay false, foolish pride down and make ourselves of heaven a part, letting love abound in our hearts. Then the lines of rigidness would depart from our brows and the expression of a placid countenance take its place, revealing an inner light that can be felt, and an essence of peace which wafts afar. Practice this, for it is a duty which we all should heed and adhere to; then, after a few months, you will feel a bliss enter your soul and dwell therein—an ever-conscious treasure which none can rob you of. Oh, what a happy universe this would be if each and all would follow the plaintive voice of humble solicitude for others, a perceptive feeling of kindred forbearance and sympathy. Ah, what a placid flow of congeniality there would be; a peace that no deceptive, lucrative mine could buy.

BE THOU EVER KIND

There is no day without a cloud
Though it a starry night may shroud ;
There is no life without its woe
While we are journeying here below.

There is no sea without its squall,
There is no year without its fall ;
And as the seasons come and go
We should good deeds along life sow.

Speak kindly thou to every one
Though the warp is darkly spun ;
Disdain thou not to lend a hand,
But heed thou duty's stern command.

Though of one, dark tales are told
In a grim and dismal mold ;
Think of the shadows on the blind
And be thou ever, ever kind.

SHADOWS ON THE BLIND

Shadows on the blind deceive, you know,
As people cross the bright rooms to and fro ;
They tell misleading tales to those without,
Bringing about a gossip talk, no doubt.

They paint a sky of blue in a dismal mold,
Bringing on sinless heads the cold world's scold ;
They cause ears to be turned from voices near,
Though pleading, they receive a frowning sneer.

So this old world is all in fault, yon see,
Including you, your neighbor, also me ;
We neglect duty as we journey on,
We prefer basking in Disdainful's scorn.

Leaving whom we could shelter to grim care,
To lurid crime and its most tragic lair ;
To go on down, down into utter woe,
On into deeper crime and depths below.

Oh! lurid world, a beam is in thine eye,
Disdain not those with motes as they pass by,
But reach ye forth a hand to all you can,
And be ye e'er a woman—a man.

WE PAUSE IN WONDER

The virgin Mary stood before the throne of God,
While lifted up above her head was duty's rod ;
The way pointed out for the rich to e'er pursue
Lay ever there among life's toiling, rugged crew.



Aye, the way leads up life's rugged hill on and on
At whose lofty summit spreadeth a glorious dawn ;
Look where you may a rosy tinge lights up the sky
As angels through heaven's portal do ever hie.

WASHINGTON

Washington was the father of our glorious land,
Upon his noble brow was mien of stern command ;
He it was who put this country firmly on its feet,
And with stately solemn mien his fellow men did greet.

Ne'er again will there be a Washington so true,
Though many other soldiers brave may dare and do ;
The certain flight of Father Time hath changed all,
Another ruler at Washington we now install.

The ruler may think himself a Washington true,
But by the great eternal, that will never do ;
No, sir, Roosevelt'll have to take a back seat,
And doff his hat while he his fellow men doth greet.

George Washington the monarch is I still enshrine,
A hero nobly grand and brave, with mind sublime ;
May the star spangled banner forever, then, wave,
Aye, a true emblem of patriot love unto his grave.

IN MEMORY OF GENERAL LEE

A boat put out to sea,
With General Robert Lee ;
It sailed unto cape Vim,
Looking all neat and trim.

Oh, how the shot did rattle,
The General won the battle ;
His great good name rang forth,
History his deeds did quote.

He now rests 'neath the clay,
'Neath other skies away;
In Virginia his remains
A marble shaft proclaims.

A column white and high,
Towering toward the sky :
Statue of starry light,
All robed in dazzling white.

ONE OF OUR EMBASSADORS

Judge Terrell, of Austin, was Minister to Turkey,
A nation with history in olden times murky :
So grim and so fierce, and quite warlike were they,
In fourteen fifty-three to the Cap'tol made their way.

Alack, that city capturing with scarcely any risk,
Aye, setting up their idols, and their rickety old disk,
But when Judge Terrell to that Turkish land did go,
Everything had changed there, oh, so much, you know.

An assemble of two Houses established had been,
All of that great nation had grown peaceful within,
So the Judge met the Turks in the light of a friend,
And they unto him hospitality did extend.

IN THE WHIRLPOOL OF FATE

Newspapers for sale,
Newspapers today :
Newspapers for sale,
The deuce is to pay.

Newspapers for sale,
Take copy and scan :
Newspapers for sale:
McKinley's the man !

Newspapers for sale ;
Please read right here,
Newspapers for sale ;
A shout of good cheer.

Newspapers for sale,
Dread war with Spain ;
Newspapers for sale,
McKinley's their bane.

Newspapers for sale,
McKinley can dare ;
Newspapers for sale,
All's gloriously fair.

Newspapers for sale,
An assassin's shot ;
Newspapers for sale,
This old world is hot.

Newspapers for sale,
McKinley is dead ;
Newspapers for sale,
Please lightly tread.

Newspapers for sale,
Roosevelt the seat takes ;
Newspapers for sale,
New interest he wakes.

LOYAL TO HIS CAUSE

A galloping horse,
A rickety trough ;
A galloping horse,
A great hay loft ;
A galloping horse,
A rider bold ;
A galloping horse,
Sword in hand hold ;
A galloping horse,

On the battle field ;
A galloping horse,
Charger doth wheel ;
A galloping horse,
Tall plume on high ;
A galloping horse,
Rifle's sharp cry ;
A galloping horse,
A soldier grand ;
A galloping horse,
His men command ;
A galloping horse,
The battle is won ;
A galloping horse,
Great deed well done.

LIBERTY

What is more exhilarating than liberty ? Chaos, aye, darkness reigns wherever she is not. A martyr to enthusiasm is liberty. A revolt from chiseled emancipation. She is a statue the gods might envy, the broadway of hope, engendered by faith. Curtailing is a word unknown to her. She is the boulevard of hospitable thought; a bivouac of conceivable light. Let her bells resound with the joyous clangs of freedom.

FOURTH OF JULY

The good old Fourth of July
Is now all the frantic cry ;
Away out to Zothan's Park,
On a political lark.

We all are grandly scotch free,
In that I'll ever agree ;
As for political man,
I am not of that clan;

I am of those on the fence,
To other fourths I look hence;
Some day I'll vote for my man,
Perhaps, myself take the stand.

LIBERTY BELL

Hurrah, the Fourth of July,
For liberty bell I cry ;
The cannons resound afar,
Not a cloud the sky doth mar.

Ha, joy sweeps over the main,
Hurrah, we shout once again ;
Hurrah, glad shouts rend the air,
For old liberty-bell hangs there.

SPRING'S WITCHERY

(Dedicated to the Daily Courier.)

The March snow lay over the ground,
Drip, splashing, it comes melting down ;
Yonder children at snowball play.
Birds carol forth their merry lay.

Clouds drift on athwart yon sky,
On through mud goes the passer-by ;
In and out weaves the shuttle of time,
While pen wreathes this story in rhyme.

Boughs sway and toss by winds at play,
Buds expand to the light of day :
Yea, spring in her vernal glory,
Repeats again her sweet old story.

Rivers rush on to waters wide,
Back, forth, ebbs the murmuring tide ;
Yon orchard blooms in white and red,
Black Fork ripples on in its bed.

While violets from its banks exhale
Their fragrance on the balmy gale ;
Thus over Tyler creeps spring's smile,
Buds, gardens and flowers beguile

Time, donning their sweet vernal robe,
Aye, clamors joy throughout the globe ;
Here, friends, brothers and sisters all
Discard, ye, winter's frown and pall.

Imbibe pleasures spring doth offer,
Lovingly, nature's jewels coffer,
Then with raptures, we'll trip along
To vernal smiles and March wind's song.

March 15, 1900.

GLADSOME SPRING

The gladsome spring is here
With greetings of good cheer ;
With violets all abloom,
And joyful birds in tune.

With streamlets eddying by
Beneath an azure sky ;
With zephyrs soft and low,
Yes, this old world's aglow.

PARADISE PORTRAYED

Birds twitter and fly
On toward the sky ;
They tell that spring's here,
And of meadows dear.

Of sweet violets blue,
And borders of rue ;
Of rivers aglow
'Mid the forest row.

Of children at play
The livelong day ;
Of the gladsome smiles,
And their witching wiles.

'TWAS A GLIMPSE OF SPRING

A babbling brooklet wended its way
Through the meadow, o'er the clay ;
It sang a lullaby sweet and low,
While rippling along through the hedge row.

Told a story bewitchingly true,
Of violet beds in witching blue ;
Spoke thrilling language all its own,
Of fertile hills and valley loam.

Told of farm houses here and there,
Of blooming orchards enchanting fair ;
A story in verse it told, you see,
Of enticing bough and leafy tree.

THE LILAC

The lilac tree is old,
'Tis shrined in ancient mold ;
Its fragrance balmy and sweet,
Its rare tints the eye do greet.

Plant a lilac on thy sward,
It will bring its sure reward ;
Pause, inhale its odor, please,
As it wafts across the breeze.

Floating into dining room,
Whilst thou dost thy table groom ;
Bringing in a sweet repose,
Lasting till the day doth close.

TREASURED GEMS OF MY HEART

There are diamonds everywhere,
Opals brilliant, sparkling, rare :
Rubies glow with a starry light.
Pearls adorn both day and night.

Dew-drops over the meadow fair
Are diamonds dazzling, bright and rare ;
Tiny streams winding through dale
Are gems sparkling and on the trail

To the mighty waters surging high.
Veiled now by an April sky.
Orchards tinted in colors aglow,
Are fragrant treasures all arow.

Roses abloom in lawns of green
Are rare petals all vivid and sheen ;
The forest-nook and leafy shade
Emeralds bright for every maid.

Rippling rills that wind 'mid glens,
Gem treasures to the famished wrens,
Rivers which ripple and murmur by
Are gems that with the diamonds vie.

Ocean billows that rise and fall
Are treasured gems which e'er appall ;
The lashing father waters bold
Are huge and coffered treasures old.

And prairies stretching far away
Are adorned with an opal's ray,
While soft winds fanning brows at eve
Glow from many gems which cleave.

Reflecting beauty o'er life's way,
Crowning all with a gladsome ray :
Glowing in colors rich and fair,
Showing tints of rainbow there,

Revealing Nature's gems of art,
Her fairy jewels and witchery heart ;
Disclosing treasures of every clime,
Scattering abroad gems sublime.

Giving Nature sweet stories to tell
Of grand precinct of wood and dell ;
Telling stories of peace and love,
Diadems sent from realms above.

MAY

May's the Queen at whose shrine I bow,
May's the Queen, I'm wreathing her brow ;
May's the emblem of faith, of hope,
Uplifting the earth from her drowsy mope.

Holding the attention of all the world,
From out her path is slovenliness hurled ;
Donning her vernal robe of green,
Yes, she is our regal fairy Queen.

THE MAY QUEEN

It all came about in just this way,
That there is a fairy Queen of May ;
Verdant Spring kept creeping right on,
And bright the sun on earth did fawn.

The hawthorn bush, it bloomed anew,
Twittering birds through the air pure, flew ;
Tearful April passed, is away,
And in has tripped our balmy May.

She was all robed in dazzling white,
With petals of a starry light ;
A dainty garland was her crown,
Knights bow in homage to the ground.

They make obeisance to their Queen,
 Their fairy, who's robed in white and green ;
 A sweet bouquet of leaves and roses
 Uplifted, in her left hand poses.

A small bouquet rests at her waist,
 Her neat bodice another graced ;
 Bewildering vine trails on its way
 Enhancing the Queen's dazzling ray.

A spangled fan waves to and fro,
 As o'er the ground our Queen doth go ;
 Old Dame Earth is one gladsome smile,
 Wreathing the sunshine for her child.

Our lovely, bewitching May Queen
 Is a regal goddess, I ween ;
 Goddess Queen of our fairy globe,
 Tripping along in bewitching robe.

A SWEET MESSAGE

That song has a lullaby low
 As I heed its rippling flow,
 And as it wafts afar tonight
 It brings a feeling of delight.

It leaves a message true so near.
 And gives a feeling of good cheer ;
 Bringing great joy into each heart
 That will not with the night depart.

EASTER

This day should e'er be set apart,
 As a true emblem of the heart :
 Enshrined altar of peace and love,
 Diadem sent from realms above.

*"They make obeisance to their Queen,
Their fairy, who's robed in white and green."*



EASTER SUNDAY

Enter thou the aisle robed in white,
With a countenance of starry light;
Aye, with thy conscience all at ease,
And a disposition to please.

Don't run in debt to get new clothes,
To thus before thy neighbors pose ;
For oft thy husband's sullen brow
Shows that there was a woeful row.

That Care has set his mark and seal,
With frowns, his ghastly mien reveal;
That Discontent walketh abroad,
Because Hard Times over him lord.

With a holy grace, dear friend, walk thou
With the light of faith athwart thy brow ;
With Wisdom's mien well in command,
That thou at the shrine of God may stand.

ONE BOY'S VIEW OF EASTER

Easter is bespangled with finery. She trips out in her robes of dazzling splendor. The earth however is none the worsted, only, well, my pocket-book has the sweeny. Please do not smile so broadcast; my pockets are "more holy than righteous;" if they weren't, I would chuck them full of those pretty smiles. Well, as I said, Easter comes tripping along, and just about this time eggs are no rarity; and dad bethinks himself of a ten dollar bill for ma's new hat. Hurrah! Hurrah! for Easter.

MY HEART'S DESIRES.

Give me the rock-bound wall,
And the whip-poor-will's call ;
The rose-tangled glen, too,
And the ring-dove's soft coo.

The streamlet's ebb and flow,
The Wyandotte rooster's crow ;
The old moss-covered well,
Amid the shady dell.

The flowers all aglow,
And the buttercups blow ;
The dewdrop's sparkling ray,
On the meadows o'er the way.

The busy bee's humming,
The woodman's axe drumming ;
The forest tall and cool,
The streamlet's eddying pool.

The wild roses abloom,
Long the branch of Vautroom ;
The zephyrs soft and sweet,
The pansy's modest greet.

And the old bridge hard by,
Scenery to entrance the eye :
Enamored I would be
With the sights that I would see.

ENNIS

(Dedicated to Ennis Daily News.)

In rapture I view Ennis town,
Her lovely homes where vines cling 'round ;
Her grassy lined streets I walk,
List'ning to birds that seem to talk ;
Lawns, with their flowers sweet and fair
Exhaling fragrance on the air.

In autumn tints each nods its head,
Which proudly glows in white and red ;
All mingled with leaves of brown and green,
With many-hued stems twined between :
Her churches with their steeples high,
Tower above us towards the sky.

Clouds drift on high in white and blue,
Below sparkles and glows the dew ;
Yon vultures soar here, there and on,
Glorious sunbeams on us fawn ;
While winds do play in melodies sweet,
Softly vibrating 'long the street.

Yes, Ennis town is fair to view,
Autumn splendors and skies of blue :
Her sunsets glow in burnished gold,
Portraying scenes that oft are told :
Moon and stars light the realm above,
Nestles Ennis in peace and love.

Gainesville, Texas, Nov. 4, '99.

AUTUMN'S ENCHANTMENTS

Indian summer time is here,
Winds are soft, shrill and clear ;
Bewildering us with skies of blue,
We her regal tints imbue.

Balmy fragrance on the air,
Moon-lit shadows soft and fair ;
Winds playing a tuneful chime
To mellow Indian summer time.

Autumn, with her murmuring streams,
Mazy whirl and lazy dreams ;
Yes, our regal queen is here,
With her greeting of good cheer.

Fodder rustled by the breeze,
As it eddies through the trees,
Wafting to yon southern clime,
Stories of Indian summer time.

Boughs are tossed by winds at play,
Leaves tinted with autumn's ray,
Dewdrops glow on meadows brown,
Beyond our fair Emporia town.

While the moon rides calmly on,
 Through the night till nearly dawn ;
 Aye, how solemn and sublime
 This bonnie Indian summer time.

Indian summer's all aglow,
 With autumn tints and zephyrs low ;
 So in rapture we'll trip along,
 To mellow chime of Autumn's song.

Yes, in mirth we'll trip along,
 To winds now low, and winds now strong ;
 To brooklet's music, the wind's chime,
 This blessed Indian summer time.

JACK FROST

Jack Frost is coming on,
 Mirthful, hearty and strong ;
 Tipaty tap, tipaty tap,
 Jack Frost's rap,
 Tipaty tap.

Out, over meadow's breast,
 Lies a sparkling, hoary crest ;
 Tipaty tap, tipaty tap,
 Jack Frost's rap,
 Tipaty tap.

Here in twain a pitcher does come,
 Now there goes a bottle of rum,
 Tipaty tap, tipaty tap,
 Jack Frost's rap,
 Tipaty tap.

Silently now he doth come,
 Silent as a muffled drum ;
 Tipaty tap, tipaty tap,
 Jack Frost's rap,
 Tipaty tap.

Not as silent as you'd think,
Creeps right on through every chink;
 Tipaty tap, tipaty tap,
 Jack Frost's rap,
 Tipaty tap.

The old hoary headed king,
My poor little fingers ting;
 Tipaty tap, tipaty tap,
 Jack Frost's rap,
 Tipaty tap.

The white and grizzly old bear
Is now on his yearly tear,
 Tipaty tap, tipaty tap,
 Jack Frost's rap,
 Tipaty tap.

Silently he wends his way,
'Neath a fairy's star-lit ray;
 Tipaty tap, tipaty tap,
 Jack Frost's rap,
 Tipaty tap.

Ever making himself known
By the crockery's shivery groan;
 Tipaty tap, tipaty tap,
 Jack Frost's rap,
 Tipaty tap.

Grim and daring the old fellow
In his crafty, hoary mellow;
 Tipaty tap, tipaty tap,
 Jack Frost's rap,
 Tipaty tap.

So we'll leave him to winds wild,
Nature's dashing, wayward child;
 Tipaty tap, tipaty tap,
 Jack Frost's rap,
 Tipaty tap.

CHILLED NOVEMBER

The roses of summer have passed and gone
And chilled November is creeping right on ;
His harsh, surly blast is heard from afar,
And lurid clouds the shortening days mar.

'Tis no wonder that I am sad and weary
For the days have grown so dark and dreary ;
The fierce winds come howling around the way
And desolate seems yonder stretch of clay.

The wood fires gleam low in the grate at night
As the wind sweeps on in his woeful flight,
Telling a tale of November's chilled blast,
Of snowflakes falling and falling so fast.

Oh, yes, surly November's darksome days
Robbed Indian summer of her dreamy haze,
Mantling the earth in a robe of pure white,
Sparkling the forest in a dazzling light.

Gleaming and flashing in the sun's bright rays
Lay yon snow-capped hills these winter days,
Speaking a true language so purely grand,
Telling their sweet story throughout our land.

THANKSGIVING DAY

Dear good Thanksgiving Day,
Is now coming this way ;
Coming with a great care,
Coming all dark and fair.

It comes with sunny skies,
And comes with heavy sighs ;
Comes with gladsome cheer,
Comes with many a tear.

Comes to the very rich,
Comes to those in the ditch ;
Comes with dinner for some,
But for many there's none.

Still it is good and true,
If bounties we'll but strew ;
If but throughout our land,
We'd lend a helping hand.

THE ORIGIN OF THANKSGIVING DAY

The year sixteen and twenty-three,
Brought woe into the Plymouth's lea ;
The good old pilgrims lost their hope,
They with adversity did cope.

The harvest bountiful dries up,
They in a bitter sorrow sup ;
At last they all kneel there, and pray,
Aye, pray throughout both night and day.

The clear blue sky is soon o'ercast,
And bountiful rain falls at last ;
'Twas fourteen days of joyful rain,
Bringing great gladness in its train.

Soon after this, Thanksgiving Day
Was set apart in this glad way ;
Our Forefathers returned their thanks,
And now we follow in their ranks.

PLAINTIVE

The cricket chirped his mournful song
While dancing the old hearthstone along ;
He plaintively told a dreary tale
With a most sad and doleful wail.

That winter's here with his nights so cold
 And his fairy legends so very old ;
 Something that crickets don't care to hear
 While thus chirping their songs so near.

WIND AND CHRISTMAS

Jingle, tingle, the bells resound,
 Christmas gift is shouted around ;
 Cheeks aglow with the tingling air,
 Clouds drifting e'er on dark and fair ;
 Winds playing melodies, weird and sweet,
 Dancing, waltzing along the street.

Telling of homes so cheerful and glad,
 Wailing for those who are lonely and sad ;
 On, waltzing on, through Marshall town,
 Finding that lovely homes abound ;
 That holly berries and leaf and vine,
 Around many quaint old walls entwine.

And that mistletoe, dark with shade,
 In festoons by lovely hands are made ;
 Whisking past homes and over the trees,
 On sweeps the wind to southern seas ;
 But swaying and tossing in its wake,
 Come messages from the northern lake.

Hark ! Oh, thou, to the northern wind,
 Cover up head and nose and chin ;
 Its bridal robe is frost and ice,
 Starry gems for birthday of Christ ;
 Tall, stately palms robes royal wear,
 Hearty the shouts resound on the air.

Cakes a-row form statues grand,
 Turkeys trim have taken the stand ;
 Evergreens, twigs and buds and flowers
 Form enchanting nooks and bowers,
 While aged dame and great-grand sire
 Their grandchildren pet, and do admire.

On sweeps the wind with this refrain,
"Old Santa Claus is here again ;
All laden with dolls and tops and toys,
For sweet little girls and good little boys ;"
With rapture now we take up the song,
Chanting in meter the whole day long.

CHRISTMAS

Christmas bells are ringing,
Santa Claus toys bringing ;
Chickens gyned out to crow,
Ground all covered with snow.

Smoke curls higher and higher,
Grocerman has a buyer,
Into store Santa doth walk,
Standeth around like a gawk.

Now to the counter he goes,
Stuffs his sacks to his nose,
Away he goes to his sleigh,
'Round and around before day.

SANTA CLAUS

Santa Claus is all dressed up,
Looks like a huffity-duff ;
Has great sacks across his back,
Down the chimney he does rack.

The baby's stocking stuffs to toe,
"Tis filled with candy, you must know ;
To each stocking makes his way,
Leaving on chair a heaping tray.

Back up the chimney now he goes,
Getting soot all over his nose ;
He scoots on down into his sleigh,
Bounding right in and away.

CHRISTMAS DINNER

Today the table was most bountifully spread,
 From roasted turkey and delicious cake to bread ;
 Our good-looking, blue-eyed landlady, Mrs. Crews,
 Goodsome things in her commodious kitchen brews ;
 Noon air was fragrant with bewildering savor,
 Outrang the gladsome laugh of Thomas Lavor.

Will pause to say that Mr. Smalley's name I've changed,
 Also describe the table as it was arranged ;
 Delicious cakes all a-row formed statues grand,
 While the basted turkey neat and trim took the stand.
 Celery loomed up their heads toward the sky,
 Cranberries with the rest of doings tried to vie.

The old substantial dish was Irish potatoes,
 Looked lonely, though, void of kindred tomatoes.
 Oranges that were piled high on dish over there,
 Portrayed a xanthic hue, I do declare;
 The pies seemed to think that they were some pumpkins
 And looked rather shy at the fair, blue-eyed Dunkins.

While way over across the table was seen
 A steaming and most delicious French dish, I ween,
 Reminded me of story in a Fairy's dream book,
 There you all sit, with a curious smile and look,
 As if to ask, "Are you black Dutch, or Caucasian ?"
 "Faith and be-jabbers, I am neither, Mr. Lathian."

Well, I'll go on with my tragical lore,
 Aye, if interrupted again, you will deplore,
 And say, Oh, why was I doomed to such a lot,
 Why couldn't I 'round that board have made one jot ?
 Yes, there were tropical fruits of all kinds served,
 And spicy sweet pickle galore well preserved.

Fragrant coffee, flaky, delicious, snowy bread,
 Which bespoke of harvest fields and the July mead ;
 At my side another dish from the busy mart,
 It 'way o'er the table to Mr. Rodgers did dart,
 On down the long table, and 'round it passes,
 In and out it goes among students and glasses.

The pickles tried to wend their way to Mr. Vinyard,
Ha, he is in love with that Miss Nymphyard,
For the third time was turkey passed to Mr. Blythe,
Mingling with Turks, one becomes as fierce as a scythe,
A royal toast by Sanguine Clark was proposed,
Aloft in the air the students looked and nosed.

The thought suggested, passed away that quick,
The boys' incisors and the knives and forks did click;
Beet pickles took their turn in the most queer contest,
I stepped out, drawing the curtain, and went in quest
Of something more inviting than marauded table,
If I'm needed again dispatch for me by cable.

TURN FROM THE PAST AND GREET THE FUTURE

Oh, thou gladsome new year
I greet thee with good cheer;
Joyous shouts rend the night
As the old year takes his flight.

Go, thou, oh, saddest year,
I turn from thee with cheer;
Go, go, ah, I say go,
While o'er the earth sifts snow.

Thou old year in thy flight
Adieu fore'er tonight;
Away with thee to the past,
We part in peace at last.

Look thou not so depressed,
Rest upon memory's breast.
Come thou joyful new year,
To thee I extend good cheer.

Nineteen hundred and four
Trips lightly through the door;
Comes in all robed in mirth,
Token of the new year's birth.

Joyous shouts rend the air
As we greet our goddess fair;
Hail thee ! Oh, goddess young.
Life with thee has begun.

Do thy duty 'long life's way
Ere thou too turn unto clay;
Shed a halo far and wide,
Shelter all from life's rough tide.

THE SKATERS

The sun in his proud, golden morning light
Rose, dazzling the hills in splendor bright;
Oh, look, the trees a million diamonds wear
And icicles suspending here and there.

'Round the curve a sleigh and prancing steed
On and on at a lively rate do speed;
Adown the road swiftly onward go,
Sleigh-bells jingling merrily o'er the snow.

Dashing through the icy, slippery streets,
Many a hearty and joyful shout one greets;
At windows smiling friends wave to and fro
'Kerchiefs, mantling brows with tender glow;

Pass pleasant homes where smoke from chimney tops
Curls higher and higher, then o'er us gently drops;
On past barn-yards and stalls where lowing herds
Call plaintively to masters, and twittering birds

Flitter from tree to tree, and limb to limb.
Hark ! on the air peals forth a joyous hymn
"Whiter than snow, than snow, whiter than snow",
Tuneful the song and fair, the faces glow.

On, ever on, Oh, joyous delight
Until each the broad, winding river doth sight,
Hurrah, on the glassy surface we bound,
Spinning o'er the ice around and around.

COASTING

Let us coast down yon hill,
We'll cross over this rill;
Have a care how you climb,
And those stumps bear in mind.

Here merrily we go,
Coasting over the snow,
Skirting those mossy stumps,
And those tangled tree clumps.

Up again to the top,
Down again swiftly drop;
Oh, this sport, it is grand,
'Tis the finest in the land.

A CONCEPTIVE SCENE

Ice on water,
Their coldness vie;
Paddy on ice,
Beneath the sky.

Sun on a cloud,
Floating its way;
It feels quite proud,
Gaining the ray.

A WINTER SCENE

The white snowflakes come sifting down,
As Thomas trudged his way from town;
Carried mail to his father's side,
The walk was better than a ride;

Bringing to cheeks a rosy glow,
As lightly tripped he o'er the snow;
A glowing fire his eyes did meet,
As him, his mother, with smiles did greet.

Thus winter days are whiled away
In childish mirth and busy play;
A studious boy was Thomas Hest,
Always ready and at his best.

DESCRIPTION

Yonder house across the way,
It is neither brick nor clay;
A two story all in white,
With its windows dazzling bright.

Chimneys rear their heads on high,
Smoke curls upward toward the sky;
Its terrace is a haven of rest,
When apparelléd in its best.

MY TRIP OUT TO THE JAMES

There is not one who me blames
For going out to the James,
Though the view along this road
Suggested to me a code

By which all must abide
As I tell of my ride.
To begin with, the clouds
The rigid sun enshrouds.

That was on our way out,
And here's what lined the route,
At us with grace doth nod
A bunch of golden rod.

And that sassafras bush
Its way elbow and push.
Illinois, ye may scorn,
But this route beats in corn.



*"The club house on yon hill;
For company needs a tille."*

Oh, how I'd like to rove
Within that walnut grove;
Nice orchards here galore,
And if I'd but explore
No telling what I'd find
Along this witching line.
Fine blue grass abounds here
And blithe songsters so dear.

A nice home on yonder hill,
Isn't that so, Cousin Will ?
And just over the way
A witching prairie lay.

You may recognize the view
And say to fair friends, "Whew,
Don't care for hills and dales
While my robe in the dust trails."

But I with my skirt short
Can look away to the north
And see a country fair
With clouds all drifting there.

And when the James I see,
I clap my hands with glee;
And as I climb her hills
My heart with pleasure thrills.

THE CLUB HOUSE

(Continued from the above.)

The club house on yon hill;
For company needs a ville;
It's veranda will do
In the early morn's dew
To recline at your ease
And quaff in the pure breeze.
Just in the dining hall
Is a tiger on the wall,
There it hangs o'er the shelf
Looking through its cage cleft,
While the wide fire-place high
Sends up sparks toward the sky.

On the wall is a fish
Bespeaking a fine dish;
I look the window out
Expecting to see trout,

But the James is on yon side
Where boats up and down glide,
And just above are swings
Where back and forth Tot wings.

And ladies sitting there
Are bewitchingly fair.
A mead stretches away
O'er old Missouri's clay.

As I look down the stream,
I see as in a dream
A picture grand and fair
Stretching far away there.

Trees cast a witching glow
O'er the water below,
While the great craggy height
O'erlooks the peaceful sight.

NATURE, HOW I LOVE THEE

(The following scenery lies along the Rapid Transit line between
Independence and Kansas City.)

The scenery along this line
Is soothingly quaint and fine;
Portraying wooded dales and hills,
Lulling streams and rippling rills.

Fleecy clouds both dark and fair,
And lovely wooded scenery there;
The skies a dark and purple blue,
Tinting trees a witching hue.

*"While the great craggy height
O'erlooks the peaceful sight."*



Dwellings all cozy and so grand—
View—the finest in the land;
And there is old Washington Park,
Where fits the pheasant and the lark.

Methinks I can see Indians there
Amid the tall trees grim and bare:
The Big Blue winds e'er there and here
Yonder skips rabbits in fear.

The railway winding in and out,
And here sports catfish and the trout:
The sun bursts forth, dazzling the scene,
Showing grandeur old, I ween.

Giving glimpses of a fair world
While dashing 'long in a dizzy whirl:
Tinting all with a rosy hue
Though we are a motley crew.

Painting clouds fleecy and fair,
Showing tints of the rainbow there,
Telling a story sweet and true,
Of nature along the fair Big Blue.

Yes, scenery along this line
Is a rare and treasured mine;
Nature rare old stories tell
Of wooded hill and tinted dell.

The river is a fairy view,
Though a number would say, "Whew;"
And stretching far, far away
Is Missouri's fertile clay.

Her old hills and lovely dales
A true sweet story here unveils;
Setting thoughts to some old rhyme
Playing to the wind a soft sweet chime.

NIGHT SCENE.

(Continued from the above.)

Trees look like sentinels bold
Towering leafless in the cold,
Giving the night a sullen cast
As homeward I do speed at last.

Portraying scenes solemn and grand,
Showing the art of Nature's hand,
Painting a solemn and weird night scene
Veiled only by Nature's fair screen.

The stars flash their sparkles bright,
As we rush beneath their light,
Setting thoughts a whirly maze,
As we out upon them gaze.

The winds waft soft tunes of their own,
Vibrating in a plaintive groan;
Showing the hand of Father Time
Playing in a mystical rhyme.

THE STARS

Little stars, how high,
A light in the sky;
A bright, golden ray,
Making the night day.

So many are you,
In the sky so blue;
You twinkle your eyes,
Bewitching the skies.

THE OZARKS' RESERVATION

Yonder Ozarks' grim, towering range,
Has a noted Reservation strange;
Which chiefly consists of beasts of prey,
Found in Missouri at an early day.

Here hunters come from low and high,
Who with each other in hunting do vie;
Their long rifle rangers ring aloud,
Of their exploit they are justly proud.

The Ozark mountains are widely sought
Hunters sad havoc here have wrought;
The old Reservation is famed afar,
For its catamount, and for its bear.

HUNTER AND DEER

On the ground for salt a deer was nosing,
A figure grand, alack, it was posing;
Bang, there rang out a terrific shot,
A stream, circle on ground, a dark spot.

To tangle wilds in terror the deer fled,
In hot pursuit the hunter alert sped;
Over moss, over pebbles, over brooklets they go,
Ha, hunter loses balance, stumps his toe.

Down in the cool, shady forest he sprawls,
While the poor wounded deer to its mate faintly calls;
Deer escapes midst wilds, that is its last;
Hunter hurries home with sun sinking fast.

THE MOUNTAIN LION

The mountain lion is a master king,
To the ground other animals he doth bring;
He enters the jungle, he gives a bound,
On to his prey like a vicious hound.

Their tender flesh he rends asunder,
Tramples the ground, and roars like thunder;
Away he goes to his hidden young,
Carrying them food the briars among.

A LIVING PICTURE

A wooded slope,
A rippling rill;
Foggy morning
Jonathan Quill.

Rifle in hand,
On he now goes;
'Cross pebbly brook
Plucking a rose.

Up hill he climbs,
Killing nine quails;
Rambling along,
Farmer Smith hails.

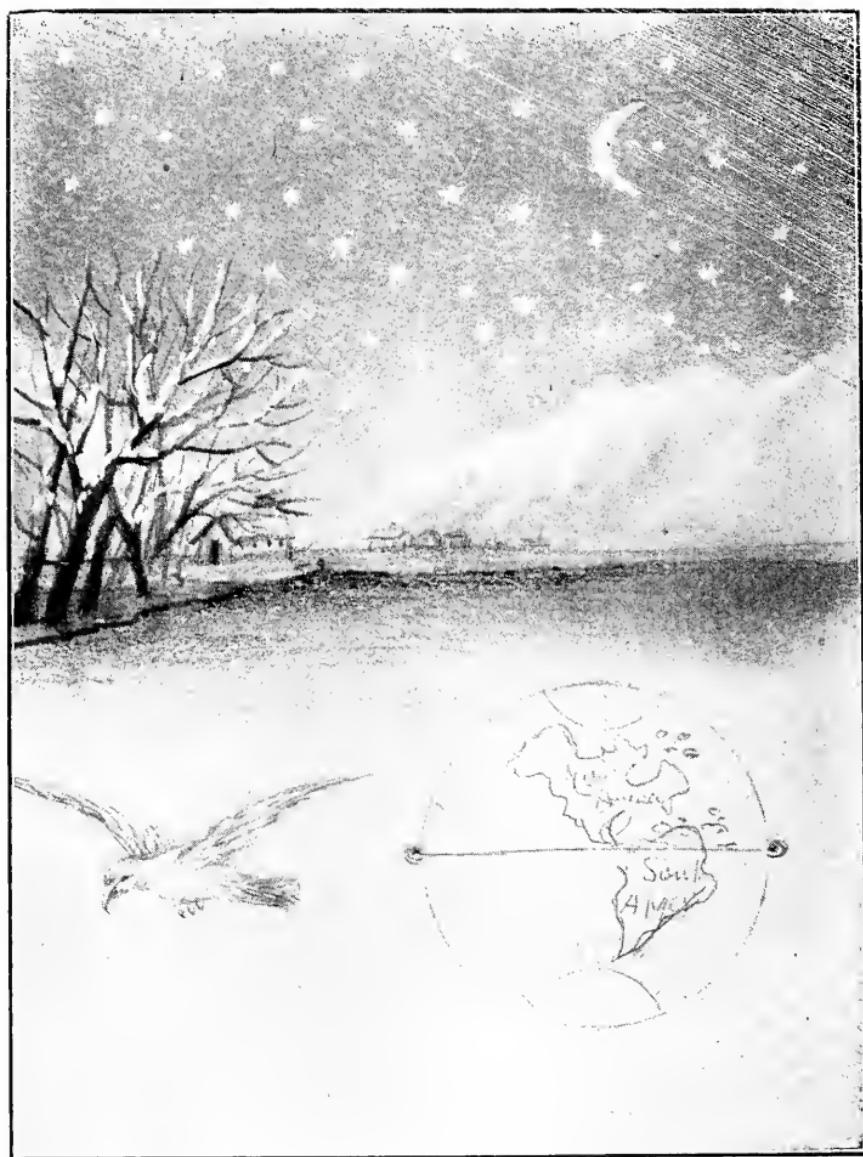
Now for his home,
Just on yon hill;
Wending his way,
Happy J. Quill.

THE GOLDEN EAGLE

Yon golden eagle in his lofty flight
Circles that mountain peak on it to light.
Doest thou the mountain crest circle around,
Away from the hunter, away from the hound?

While glows the west with a lingering ray
Thou through shadowy heights pursuest thy way,
Far through the mazy height dost thou e'er drill
And poise thee just above yon mountain's rill.

Seekest thou the dense and tangled, craggy wild
In quest of food for thy own dear, precious child;
The sparkling snow-clad mountain's rugged crest,
While glows the ruddy sun in the far, far west?



Page 43 "Reminding me that time in his wayward flight,
Drifts on to mystic realms regardless of the night."

Now out across the valley away to sea,
Then wearily back to yonder lone pine tree,
Now through the shadowy heights pursue thy way
On and ever on until the close of day.

A VARIED STORY WITH FATHER TIME AS MONARCH

Here I sit in a little room ten by twelve,
With a sad, weary brain and clodded pen I delve;
Thus Liberty has within her nymph-like dell
A descriptive, din and varied story to tell.
Her ground has donned a robe of sparkling snow,
Which amid leafless trees and on house tops glow;

Melting, dripping, splashing and pattering down,
While the sun in his orbit swings himself around,
Thereby shifting from the east to the far, far west.
A roseate tinge now lingers on the horizon's crest;
Reminding me that time in his wayward flight,
Drifts on to mystic realms regardless of the night.

The clock's solemn tick brings me back to this room,
While hours sweep on with solemnity and gloom;
The wood in the stove has burnt to glowing coals,
And the world, old tyrant, upon his axis rolls,
Bringing in his wake another day of toil,
While the grim monster Death around yesterday does coil,

Sending its poisonous fangs throughout the wide, wide land
Our dealings with each other in stern tones demand,
Thus showing that the grim monster has quite a care,
While fleeing to his cloistered and unknown lair,
And that the language he teaches throughout our land
Comes labeled "Choicest" with a notable brand.

A life's scholarship is tendered to one and all,
 And Duty's Trying Sunbeams is the chaplain's call.
 So let us hie to chapel on yon shrined mount
 Shunning Negligence's haughty, vindictive count:
 Letting the grim world know that duty is her crown,
 Aye, that friendship's the banner and solid ground.

A LETTER IN VERSE

Paul, I to thee a missive in rhyme do send
 And a sister's true love in it deeply blend;
 Oh, how I wish I now were there with thee
 Where I could be e'er light-hearted and free.

There, where Missouri's dales stretch far away,
 Where brooklets ripple and murmur and play;
 And where orchards are blooming in white and red,
 Where violets' sweet fragrance exhale from their bed.

Where giant oaks send out their branches aloft,
 Where rain patters musically down on the roof,
 Yes, to old Missouri again I'll wend my way,
 Where the earth blooms with blossoms of beautiful May.

And there amidst her scenery I'll come and renew
 My life's work, nor will I e'er grieve for the crew
 Who has passed over to the other side
 With our Father above forever to reside.

And as my strong, firm pen this missive I close
 I will bid thee good-night and wish thee sweet repose;
 Sending a shaft of love far out to thee
 Over fair old Missouri's most bewitching lea.

Dallas, Tex., Feb. 3, '02.

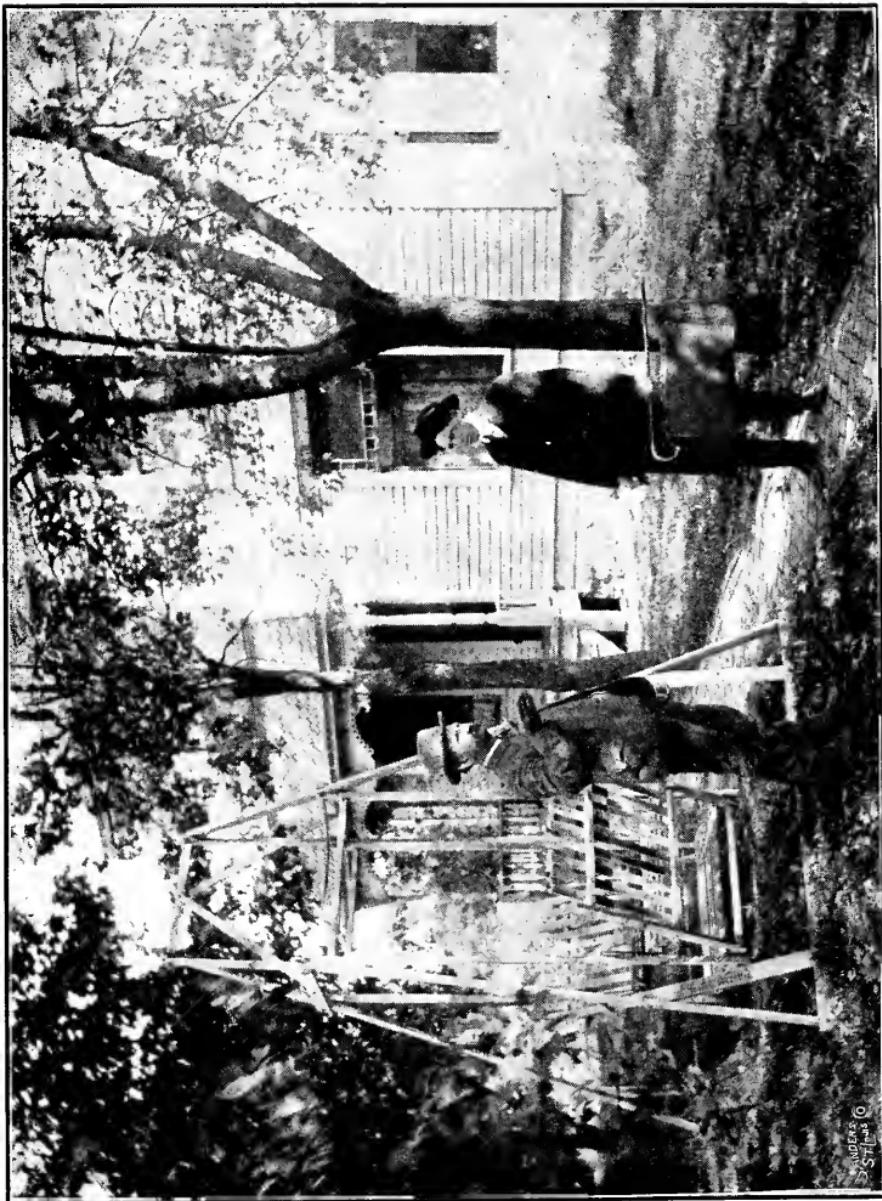
A FATHER'S ADVICE

Boys, do you know anything about New York?
 Get a lubber bottle, place therein a cork,
 Now you have worlds of very choice wine;
 Whether you drink it yourself or give to swine.



*“Sending a shaft of love far out to thee
Over fair old Missouri’s most bewitching lea.”*

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*"Cling thou to the old farm, my wayward son,
Many battles thereon have been fought and won."*

New York's about the size I portray.
Don't believe it, go there and see any day;
There's the society belle, and the jumper Jack,
And the Wall street man, going up Wealthy track.

Bewitching quaintness all in a nut-shell,
Blissful heaven's that city within, also hell;
Now mark the emphasis and heed what I say,
New York's ever made up of darkness and day.

Far greater sorrow abounds there than joy,
The old plantation your nature may cloy;
But it is a fragment of heaven's own gate,
A mirrored celestial home of divine fate.

Cling thou to the old farm, my wayward son,
Many battles thereon have been fought and won:
New York without doubt is a mixed up affair,
Oh, stay at home, my son, to get on a tear.

THE DOWN TRAIN—TEXAS MIDLAND

The train came dashing down the track,
Its fiery furnace all aglow:
Sweeping on with thundering rumble,
To the city of Terrell below.

Number eight, with engineer brave,
Halts before the station door;
Down steps passengers to the ground,
Now she takes on passengers more.

Rumbling, again down the track flies,
Out of town and across the fields;
Dashing out through dales, on she goes,
With whistle shrill and flying wheels.

Slacking speed, into Kaufman rumbles;
Again halting at the station door;
Goodbyes, greetings 'mong passengers,
And now her seats are filled galore.

Sweeping, pulls out of town with vim,
Rails groaning beneath the weight;
On through dales she pursues her way,
With her now placid human freight.

Speeding on through forest and dale,
Winding over prairie and hill,
Crossing bridges, passing glen and nook,
Whistling long and loud and shrill.

NEWS COMES WAFTING FROM AFAR

Of papers all from west to east
The news in the Fairy is the feast,
I've read it through and through for years;
It chases away the gloom and fears.

Tells of new buildings going up,
Of glassware and the china cup,
And of new and grand enterprises
And when the cotton falls and rises.

And that you can get bargains sure
By going down to yonder store.
Tells of those who come and go,
Of Aunt Gertrude and Uncle Joe.

Tells of each grand ball and play
And the local links of the day;
Of lovely brides to altars led,
Of Jolly James and Dashing Ned.

Of Dewey brave and his fair bride,
Of thrilling news from far and wide;
Tells of the circus and parade;
Of the farmer, business and trade.

And of distant lands and seas,
Also of the cold norther's freeze;
Of accidents on sea and land,
Of stately ships by brave men manned.

Of the war cry's woeful wail,
Of boer spies on Chesham's trail;
Of the Rough Riders, true and brave
With command throned upon brows grave.

Oh, may it oft new stories tell
Of others coming there to dwell;
Of the shuttle and great loom
And that Fairy town's upon a boom.

Jan. 9, 1900.

THE NEW GIRL

A political man, speaking to the fair one of politics, bethought himself of matrimony. After making his daring proposal, received the following reply : "You veer around to the South pole now, and as I have never taken a tour through that section, you have me fairly handicapped."

HA, HA, THE CRANKS

Take the crank of today, and he spells news-paper-man. Take the crank of some centuries ago, and he floundered as newspaper man. The two marauders, the ancient and modern, when they start out on their vivacious editorial tour, conflict in the gutters of collateral thought and vie in the tradition of the ages.

MY ART

Citadeled here in queenly Dallas,
Hundreds of miles from my childhood home;
Apart from kindred in cabin or palace,
Roaming o'er rich black Texas loam.

Lovely dales, where winding, murmuring streams
 Ever, forever, to the gulf do glide:
 Yon starry vault and mellow moon-lit realms,
 Gladsome voices cheering me along life's ride.

White snow-clad hills of my own native land,
 Hollyhock groves and fragrant rose-leaf bower:
 I to dear old Missouri extend my hand:
 To her balmy clime and fair April shower.

Every flower, bird and babbling brook
 Through memory's channels are viewed again;
 Huge oak, the forest king and pleasant nook
 Enters, and sweet zephyrs take up this refrain:

“Embarked thou art on Life's changeful sea,
 Now breasting billows, now plowing, gliding on.”
 Go thou, Oh, past, to thy cloistered lea;
 Room, room for great achievements that on me dawn.

Along this blank page I'm working my art,
 Verily, verily I say unto you,
 Oh, heed ye, then, her most magical dart,
 While I bid you all a hasty adieu.

PIVOT OF FATE

One sweep of the brush
 The picture is done;
 One sweep of the brush,
 And fame is won.

One great, mighty stroke,
 The world doth applaud;
 One daring effort,
 It reaches abroad.

INGRATITUDE

Gross ingratitude is the hyena of self-satisfaction;
 a perpendicular downward route of a phosphorous in-
 carnate nature. Whew, see the expulsion of conceit.



*“One lawyer aroused by a strange sound,
Has uplifted himself from the ground.”*

OH, THE LASHING WAVES OF SORROW

Today, in my sad, weary round of toil,
 My thoughts were all at riot, turmoil;
 Oh, why is my life all shadow, all gloom,
 Oh, why grewsome threads through life's tragic loom.

Ah, if thou but knew the sadness, despair,
 The wail of my anguish, which rends the air;
 Thy cruel grim heart would relent, I ween,
 And loving thoughts through thy veins wouldest teem.

Oh, why my thoughts cling to thee, I know not,
 Yet by me, Oh, thou canst ne'er be forgot;
 A cold, false pride pales before love's bright light,
 Without thee my life would be dreary night.

I am all alone in this cruel, cold world,
 Drifting adown life's stream in a whirl,
 Without loving hands my frail bark to guide,
 Look thou, grim Despondency enshrouds my ride.

PAT'S HASTY JOURNEY TO THE MOON AND
 HIS STARTLING DISCOVERY

One lawyer aroused by a strange sound
 Has uplifted himself from the ground;
 He looks steadily at a lawyer quite near,
 While grim Severity is 'roused with fear.

Pat looks the mountainous moon o'er
 And finds there quaint lawyers galore;
 But unperturbed is Island's sage
 Though his wits are busily engaged.

One bright Sunday morning, Pat Industry was
 busily engaged in piling and burning brush. After
 awhile, along came Landlord Severity.

"Ha, Pat, what are you doing?"

"Faith an' be-jabbers, yer highness, I am after get-
 ting rid of the rabbits' dens this blessed morning."

"Come along, Pat, I have a pass to the moon, and shall take you along with me to where the law is enforced."

"Faith, yer highness, I've always heard that lawyers were scarce in heaven, and now I've discovered where they are."

After a toilsome journey, they finally reach the moon. Pat mounts the ladder of Curiosity, and takes a good survey of all the territory. He is disappointed; 'tis true there are lawyers galore, but strewed about on Negligence's couches. No bench, nor court; placid inactivity reigns. Pat scratches his head and tries to form a plan of escape. Landlord Severity owes him ten months wages and is now in the act of closing the gate of Ingratitude upon him. His thoughts flew across the space of thought in the twinkle of an eye.. A subtile glee creeps over his hitherto troubled brow..

"Ho, yer highness."

"What is it, Pat?"

"Faith, if I know." stamping his foot on the ground, while an exclamation of horror escapes his lips. His hands are busy throwing rocks and brush into a great heap.

"What have you found now, you scamp ?"

"Ha, ha; he went into the ground. But look, yer highness, that boulder reminds me of your pretty wife, and be-jabbers, me bet that that very boulder would make a grand addition to that same pretty wife's museum of curiosities. Now, if there was one treasure that this landlord doted on, it was his wife; and the mere suggestion of such an addition to his darling's rare collection of curiosities completely turned his head.

"That boulder, yer highness, is only a few feet from the exit gate; now if yer will remove a few of those rocks I will give it a push."

Landlord Severity in his excitement displayed ability. Rocks rained faster than hail. In his eagerness he lost the note of time, nor did he perceive the steady advance of said boulder. Pat's face had lost its resigned appeal. Now, as the great ledge moved forward, a hidden spring on the ground attached to the gate sprang back letting the portal open wide. Pat,

with a cunning look took his seat upon the monstrous rock, pulling the landlord on and setting him at his side. He then gave the ledge a violent push and off it shot toward the earth, the two clinging on its top for dear life. The monster fell in picturesque Colorado, hence Boulder. Pat was known ever after as a budget of wit. Aye, quick wit had won, and the man in the moon today is only a great heap of brush and rocks.

A BARRISTER'S CHAGRIN

A barrister one morning made light of little Pat O'Neal by saying, "Well, Pat you came very near being the little end of nothing."

"Faith, yer honor, I have only two degrees to go to get alongside of yez."

THE STENOGRAPHER

The stenographer is returning now,
A lovely bridal wreath above her brow;
Oh, S. E. Kiser, what are you to do?
Your girl is married to Sir Harry Drew.

She never will get pale nor thin again,
For she now lives up loyal Love-lit Lane,
So, Kiser, it is you who'll pine away
And rest in a little grave beneath the clay.

A VOICE FROM OUT THE GLOOM

Oh Mayor Mellette,
Please never you fret,
But have weeds mowed down
All over this town.

See that the city park
Is a good place to spark;
That no weeds grow tall
This approaching fall.

That the city looks trim,
With an air of vim,
Though the dust flies high
Towards the azure sky.

Then Mayor Mellette
I will win my bet,
That you're the right man
To lead this town's clan.

September 6, 1903.

ACROSTIC

Gone forever are the days of yore,
Along the sands of time I explore;
Into the past my thoughts wander away,
Nor will I pause 'long its dense, rugged clay;
Ere another short year you all shall know,
Simply a story which I'll tell you just so,
Varied though it may prove to be,
Imbibe the story of a Texas lea;
Listen ye, now, that state is a broad one,
Lyric her winds are beneath God's sun;
Ever her brooklets do murmur along,
Trellises the climbing roses adorn;
Ecstasy thrillleth one through and through,
Xylograph would I her skies of blue;
Attached I am to that old town,
Shake ye all my hand once around.

THE JAMES RIVER

Far out along the broad, winding, lulling, picturesque
James river,
In olden times the red men of the forest let their ar-
rows quiver;
And here their flickering camp-fires gleamed beneath a
starry light
Throughout one memorable bitter cold and blustery De-
cember night.

But the years have effaced their grim visage along the
track of time,
And we have only winds to play to their memory some
quaint old rhyme;
And as I gaze over the broad expanse of this grand and
winding stream,
There seems to be lifted up and away, a draping veil or
screen.

And as thus I gaze far out across its grand and enticing
expanse
I seem to be wreathed in a dazzling mazy dream or fairy
trance;
And as I look down this broad fairy nymph of a glorious
river
I fain would see red men 'mid the shadows and hear
their arrows quiver.

And I too have marked well the footsteps of wary old
Father Time,
And will not take the sediments of poetical stuff as mu-
sical chime;
But will quaff the pure air as it comes wafting down the
James river,
Nor will I draw a mantle around my form and in horror
shiver.

Oh, no, but will stand firm and erect, and look toward
the fair west,
And as the sun goes down, bow my head before Him
who does things best.

Again I turn my fervent attention to yonder towering height,

And watch with great interest those pheasants in their homeward flight.

And as the stars come out one by one over this bewildering glen,

Away back to tranquil Springfield I my homeward way will wend;

And there, while driving through her quaint streets, I will paint anew the James,

Portraying ghastly scenes and blend them with rose tinted skies of the Thames.

THE JAMES—Continued

I now again stand upon the banks of the witching James River,

And would barter a ton of gold to hear the red men's arrows quiver,

Oh, my grim and sinister wish has come to pass only too soon,

The fierce painted knaves are upon the war path ere another moon.

A stalwart Indian brave, ever on the alert, springs out upon his prey,

And there, over and over they wrestle amid the leaves and clay;

And now, a grim, hideous, ghastly form lies stretched upon the ground,

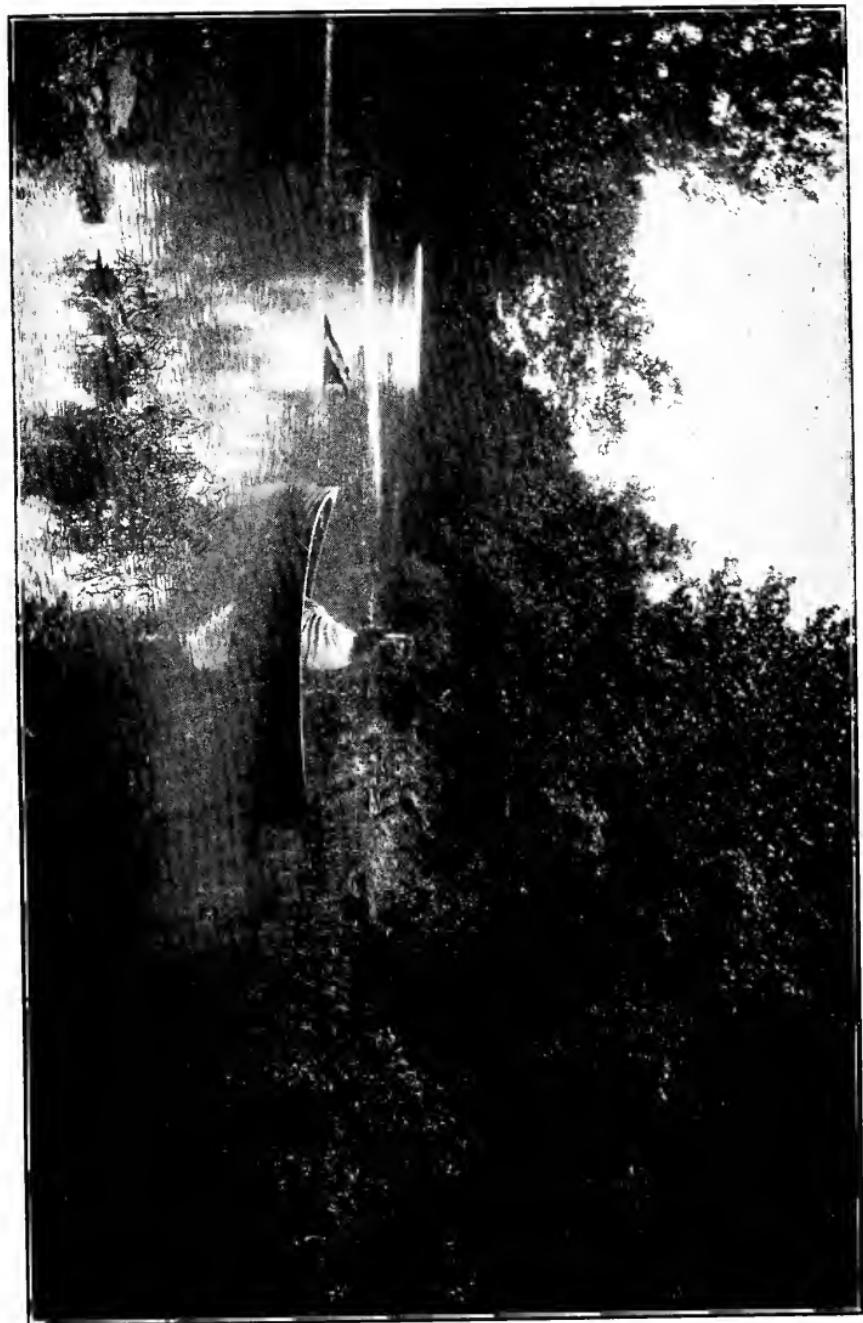
While the wary scout like an old sleuth upon the track of foes hound.

Yonder, cautiously sails a war painted Indian in his canoe,

Me-thinks I see far up the rugged cliffs a portion of his crew;

Now the gentle wind stirs the leaves among the fragrant forest trees,

And now I sight away across yon pathless woods a course of bees.



While a-way up in yonder tall, spreading, rustling,
 knarled old oak,
I hear a loud, harsh, grating cry as if it were a buzzard's
 croak,
And as I stand thus gazing into the tall, tangled forest
 trees,
The wind wafts a-down the James River a most delic-
 ious breeze.

Hist, on the placid waters of the river an Indian goes by,
And following close in his wake. another dusky chief
 doth hie:
Cautiously now, we hide behind this tangled, jetting
 ridge of rock,
Draw thou closely about thy form, that gypsy red and
 striped frock.

Now out from this towering, picturesque tangled wall
 we'll come,
And up and down the mystic James River we now will
 dance and hum
As happy as a fairy lark on his most noted wedding day,
When he took his bonnie mate and flew across the
 Ozark-hills away.

Aha, the earth was a-tune with the lay of birds of every
 hue,
Out across that lovely expanse my attention the warb-
 lers drew,
But when I looked I was confronted by a tall, gaunt
 specter bold,
Who, in a weird sable mantle, a flaming, clashing sword
 did hold.

But while gazing in terror, that weird, ghastly vision
 faded away,
And in its place arose dear old Missouri's rugged hills
 of clay.
A true witching, grandly picture indeed met my start
 led view,
And with disdain, I shook my fist at the phantom and
 said, "Whe-ew."

ON THE WESTERN PLAINS IN '49

Yonder goes a Sioux band of Indian braves,
Hist, cautiously moves the war-painted knaves;
With scalps of their prey they string their necks 'round,
Leaving ghastly corpses strewed over the ground.

Then to the mountains in safety they flee,
Where the red imps dance their war dance in glee;
The aged men and old squaws sitting near all aglow,
While in and out around camp-fires the fiends do go.

In pursuit of emigrants the foes make their way,
Over hills, across plains they toil night and day;
At last, they espy their prey one dark night,
Killing many, putting the rest to weary flight.

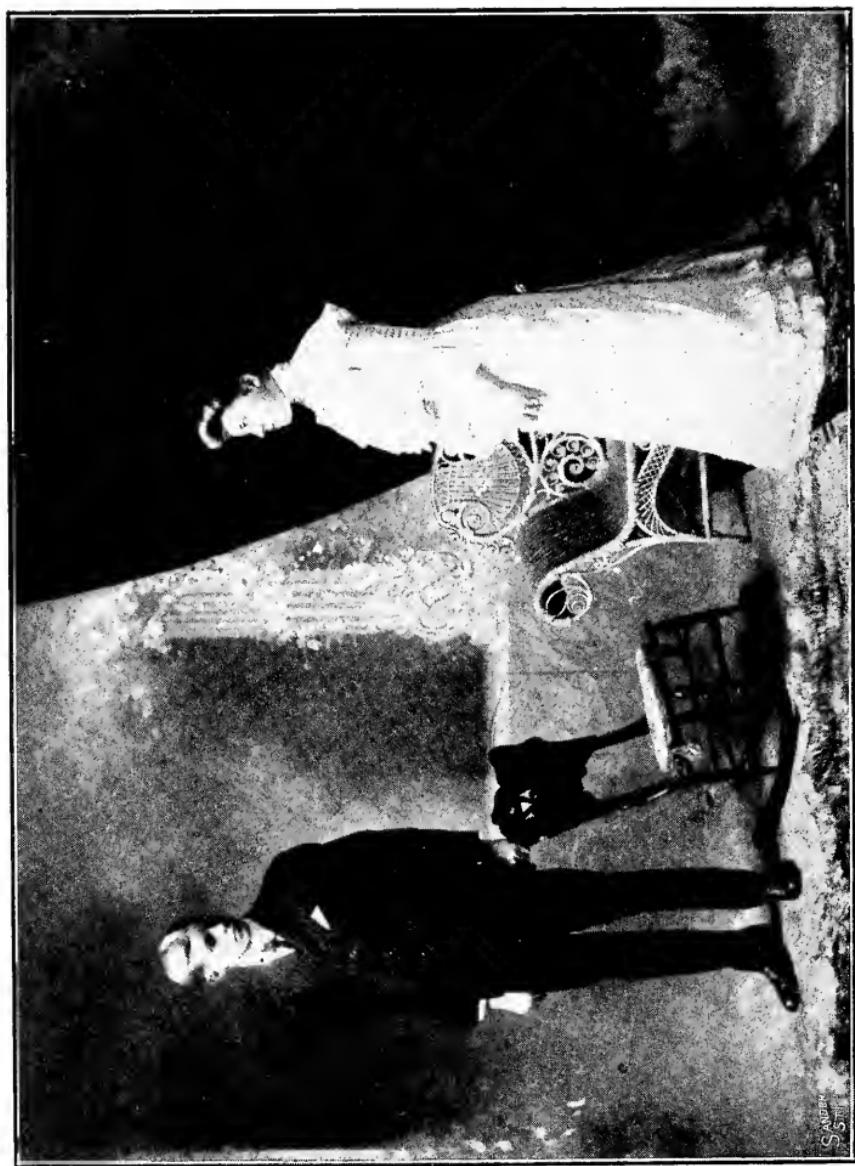
Brave soldiers ride out on the field of woe,
While above their heads circles the vulture crow;
The trail hot and dusty lay in the sun's light,
While in triumph the Indians make well their flight.

The war-painted demons the brave scouts out-ride,
Again fleeing to mountains back of their tribe;
A grim terror they had been throughout the fall,
Thus mantling the lone route with a sable pall.

THE WESTERN WILDS

Along the forest path where the shadows fell,
Where coyotes howl and the antelope doth dwell;
Where the Humboldt river windeth in and out,
Where the sun rays fall and where doth sport the trout.

'Tis where the wild flowers bloom in beauty rare,
And where ever and anon creeps forth a bear;
Where birds of forest sing their merry lay
And where a green sward stretches far, far away



Page 57.

*"Thou pale traitress, thy love I spurn,
From thee I now forever turn."*

On miles and miles adown the river
Where the elk hunters let their arrows quiver;
Where sage brush hills rise above each other,
Where the red man greets his warrior brother.

Here their camp-fires glow with a cheery light
While encamped on the Humboldt river at night,
And here their moored boats play at will
On the Humboldt river near a sage brush hill.

And here waters murmur a lulling rest,
While zephyrs fan the far lands of the west;
And here the sun in resplendent glory
Riseth to zenith, telling his grand story.

LITE PENDENTE

For thy grim, malicious smile,
I enjoined Satan to beguile
His leisure hours, making his imps
Give thee of Hades a fair glimpse.

“O, Woman, imp of a devil,
In thy hideous wish revel;
If despair is to be my doom,
Let it enshroud me in its gloom.”

I from thee that wish do recall,
Else o'er thee wouldst there spread a pall;
My love for thee outweighs hatred,
’Tis the altar at which we'll wed.

“Darkness that o'er me thou dost cast,
Is a filmy naught of the past,
Thou pale traitress, thy love I spurn,
From thee I now forever turn.”

O, let the gloom pass from our lives,
I'll be to thee as yon men's wives
Are to their husbands, kind and true,
Then nothing shalt thou ever rue.

“Away, away thou ghastly fright,
I go from thee fore'er to-night,
Pole from pole is not more remote
Than thou and I, so pass the vote.

Ha, there, the wheel of fortune turns,
Joy now; neither the other spurns;
So here clasp hands, our hearts are one,
And will for aye be 'till life's run.”

PERSEVERANCE WINS AT LAST

The future I've oft tried to penetrate,
A sad, varied story I here relate;
Upon that lurid scene, the curtain rose,
Disclosing neither comfort nor repose.

Merely that solitary figure toiling on,
In a cold, dreary and cheerless dawn;
Look, Depression's cruel arrows hurl,
Oh, she has wounded that poor, dear girl.

But bravely she continues her weary way,
With rigid resolve that strengthens each day;
A resolute will, firm as hills of old,
Slaying gloom, sculpturing bravely, not bold.

The second act a solemn scene displays,
Aye, there you sit in wonder and amaze,
As zigzags yon one, who seems in a trance,
While she waves a placard of perseverance.

Now she neither sways to the left nor right,
But onward she plows with all her might;
And now she has reached that distant hill,
At whose base flows yon murmuring rill.

Of this Life's nectar she freely partakes,
Then with a frown, and a start, awakes;
Wakes to the knowledge, that time is fleeting;
And that her sad heart with awe is beating.



*"Away, away thou ghastly fright;
I go from thence fore'er to-night."*



*"So here clasps hands, our hearts are one,
And will for aye be 'till life's run."*





While her weary eyes scan Industry's height,
Her frail figure takes on Suggestion's light,
Now up hill, she cautiously makes her way,
Expecting to find there, Fruition's ray.

On the last scene the curtain doth rise,
Portraying Triumph, sanguine and wise
A sedate goddess on her regal throne,
Gained by her toilsome steps alone.

For through golden sunshine and through rain,
She breasted life's billows and plowed her main;
And there, all wreathed in soft smiles divine,
Industry's goddess Fame's laurels twine.

CONTENTMENT AND HER SHRINE

Only my childhood days do I recall
Before serene Contentment had her fall,
Then all was gladsome joy and sweet content
As e'er in peacefulness the hours I spent.
On joyous pinions sped the hours away
And all was constant, happy childhood May.

Alas, grim Discontent lurked here and there
Bringing her sable mantle e'er to bear.
Frowns of lurid woe were now her greeting
At every turn, at every step and meeting;
And thus the dark and dreary months passed on,
Mantling my life in one long dismal dawn.

Hark ye, the wheel of fortune swings around
Strewing great gladness upon all the ground;
Joy trips along apparelled in sweet smiles,
Grim Loneliness from life she now beguiles.
The secret of the change I herein tell,
Oh, heed thou; weigh thou each word doubly well.

Grim Discontent had long, long been my foe,
Shadowing me where'er I fain would go;

On her grum highness I have turned my back,
 Resolved to travel in Contentment's track;
 The helping hand of Fortune proved my friend
 And he, to me, his magic wand doth lend.

With pride the future's hall I now disclose,
 Revealing fair Content and sweet Repose;
 Look ye, this hall is stately and sublime,
 Here peal the solemn music strains of time;
 While in the east a rosy tingeing glows,
 And into life doth bloom the fragrant rose.

So, buoyant with great joy and hope and love,
 I'll let my thoughts soar high to realms above;
 And while thus floating on life's tranquil stream
 With rapture I do sit in state serene;
 A happy smile plays o'er my placid face
 As gladness in the distance I can trace.

The while, a witching glow lights up the sky
 As softly flits the phantoms of life by;
 And now I sail into the port of Love
 Over whose tower poises the cooing dove,
 And where the fair, blue skies stretch far away
 Into a rose-tinted and hallowed day.

DAME FASHION

What is vain Fashion coming to, I wonder ?
 She's only a sedate goddess of a blunder;
 A stern, haughty and regal-robed debonair
 Who shakes her fist with an ominous, spectral dare,

Letting you know that you are not of yourself a part,
 That under her cruel lashes you must ever smart.
 Look you here, madam, tyrannical debonair,
 I your most grim, malignant haughtiness will dare.

Madam Style, who are you, any way, do you think,
 That you should lead this old world a rinkity dink ?
 I will right here tell you who you are, haughty dame,
 You are absolutely nothing, save in name.

Merely a tyrannical nymph from No-Man's-Land,
Though, in transgression, you out-weigh the desert sand,
A gigantic monster of unmeasured size,
Filmy naught, shorn of Wisdom or her regal wise.

And undisputed goddess in Fool's Paradise,
A tyrannical, triangle with edges turned trice,
Sharp and most vital corners and fierce cutting edges
Who the oppressed in Poverty's corner hedges.

Madam, your reign over me is a leaden thing,
Disdainful's fair goddess the joy bells now do ring,
Proclaiming broad smiles of contempt for such as you,
Go, shove yourself back, baffled, into your conceited pew.

ONE GIRL'S SOLILOQUY

Do you suppose that I follow in the wake of giddy Fashion, or worship at her shrine? Never; I look at the practical side of life, and turn the wheel of solid Judgment. I simply decide and follow out my resolutions. Now you have the whole story in a nut-shell. I was called the comical solution, or oracle of Wisdom, when I was just a mere child. Oh, you may all smile if you like, "but truth is stranger by far than fiction;" aye, a freighted basket of suggestive thought, a full cargo of crumbs swept up, if nothing more.

MAN OF MIND AND FEELING

Oh, thou man of mind and feeling,
Pause, my timely warning heeding:
Wedlock's billows rise and fall,
Her sea a rugged, surging squall.

Thou for a wife dost advertise,
Ah, my friend, be thou truly wise;
Turn, Oh, thou, from Benedict's sea,
Traversing bachelor-hood's lea.

Or, through love take thou a mate,
Treating her kindly, early, late;
Then, perhaps, thou'l miss the shoals,
Those darkening frowns, and grumbling scolds.

OH, SPURN ME NOT

I know that thou art Marie,
The maid from o'er the sea;
I know not what thou mayest think
Of this noddle or of this blink.

But as lief be called a fool
As thy proud and servile tool;
In awe of my rival, Dave,
I have made myself thy slave.

We both gazed into thine eyes
Where the light of love doth rise,
'Till our hearts to thee were bro't,
Oh, Marie, spurn thou me not.

A SCOTTISH STORY UNVEILED

Sublime music filled her home
While her truant husband did roam;
And the Scottish scenery afar
Lifted the dense veil that did mar,
Sending a golden shaft far out
The sordid impunity to rout.

A beautiful society lady had married a man of wealth with a grand old name. But his haughty mother had courted for him a bewitching maid; and strong was her armor and loud her clashing sword at his nuptial. Alas, four months after his marriage, Sir Leonard had sailed away, leaving not one word of farewell to his lovely bride. The fair young wife drooped and pined away, and society's tongue clashed like a two-edged

sword, driving that young wife to bay, settling a shadowy seal over her brow. And society held aloof, reminding one of Madam Remry's tragical poises above a rat capering across the room. Ah! the lashing clangs of that society vibrated throughout the land, bringing in their wake a dismal dirge, driving the frail wife to seek refuge within her father's library, and there she feasted her heart and soul on ancient lore. And as the months passed wearily by, she grew more and more unto herself. But mark ye, a perceptible change came over her. Her faculties broadened and her intellect expanded; music filled that grand old mansion as never before. No one in need was ever turned away without some assistance. Her good deeds were extoled around many a hovel's hearthstone on a dreary winter's night. Still society's lurid frown hung like a tragic pall, and its ghastly shadow was a sable mantle, sending its bitter pangs to that young mother's heart. But on Sir Leonard's return the rugged sea grew calm and the hitherto darkened sun flashed forth in all his resplendant glory. But ah, his brilliancy I can well liken unto icicles suspending throughout a grand old forest, and that society, ah, well, it shivered.

A SCOTTISH STORY UNVEILED

(Continued from the above)

Sir Leonard's mother set him far adrift,
Painting his pure wife in a lurid mold;
The young husband sailed to a foreign land,
Leaving his bride to a fickle world's scold.

His proud mother to the sea-shore did go
And the summer hours there in pleasure spent;
Then back to her city home she returned
And her fair, frail daughter-in-law's heart rent.

Aha, a slow fever wrapped her within
His cruel, fierce grasp and she was laid low;
The days and weeks dragged relentlessly on
As the deserted wife out and in did go.

But duty was the watchword of that wife,
Though his rigid mandate was ever stern;
Now clouds of discord are floating afar
And the haughty dame's love she does not spurn.

So the weary weeks pass slowly away
And the sad wife often gives way to tears;
But a glorious light's spreading afar
And there is no need of those darksome fears.

BEHIND THE SCENE—The Scottish Story

A fair child around a crib is playing,
A dreamy look within its soft blue eyes;
On the walls family portraits suspended,
A relic of the grand, royal, ancient dyes.

A sweet fragrance borne in upon the breeze
As it wafts through a costly open door;
While a stray sunbeam bewitchingly lay
Broadcast upon a bare and marble floor.

Curtain down.

Evening shades in gathering darkness
Had settled over our enchanting earth;
The moonbeams strayed within a mansion,
Smiling benignly upon a new birth.

The wailing cry of an infant is heard,
The weary hours drag languidly on;
The much tried old nurse stands pale-faced and meek
Stands silent and rigid until the dawn.

Curtain down.

Neighbors cast furtive glances at the mother,
Until weary with their stern, haughty looks
She withdraws unto her father's library
And buries herself deep within the books.

Curtain down.





*“And now out across a lovely expanse
She listlessly watches a great ship's crew.”*

A stately, fair lady her seat doth take,
Now she wearily watches the child new;
And now out across a lovely expanse
She listlessly watches a great ship's crew.

An ashy pallor settles o'er her brow
As the great, stately ship into port sails;
Rising, she staggers to the open portal
Where with her regal head bowed she wails.

Curtain down.

Sir Leonard walked on down the long pier
While casting furtive glances here and there;
Nothing had changed within the last ten months,
Mark ye, all was enchantingly fair.

Curtain down.

A long, lovely drawing-room all aglow,
And the guests are all in evening dress;
Sir Leonard returned to his wife and child,
At her side he stands with loving caress.

A lengthy tour throughout Europe he made,
Leaving his frail wife to Sorrow's grim care,
To demurely breast the sharp, lashing tongues
And the blunt, sordid edges to bravely bear.

A wee babe had been born in the mansion
And frowns had been its hourly mark and seal;
The frail careworn mother sat day by day
Or at the tiny crib she oft did kneel.

Now she's a regal doted wife once more
And people worship at her royal shrine;
Alas, that pallor has not left her brow
And its ghastly mien, I can too well define.

Her husband's well filled purse and grand old name
Has again brought the fickle world to her feet,
But with calm mien she coldly passeth by,
Or haughtily the sordid worldlings doth greet.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE HAUNTED HOUSE

The wind plays in fitful gushes
As the water along rushes;
The owl's coo-hoot vibrates afar
And out upon the nerves doth jar.

The haunted house was an old castle on the banks of the St. John's river, and was the abode of outlaws, where the unwary were allured, and either robbed and killed, or else robbed and rowed far down the river, and left to wander along its densely wooded shores, with only the wind's weird melody as company and the owl's lone coo-hoot.

Ah, yes, their souls were steeped in crime,
They did not worship the sublime,
But bowed before a pagan god,
In deeper crime they onward trod.

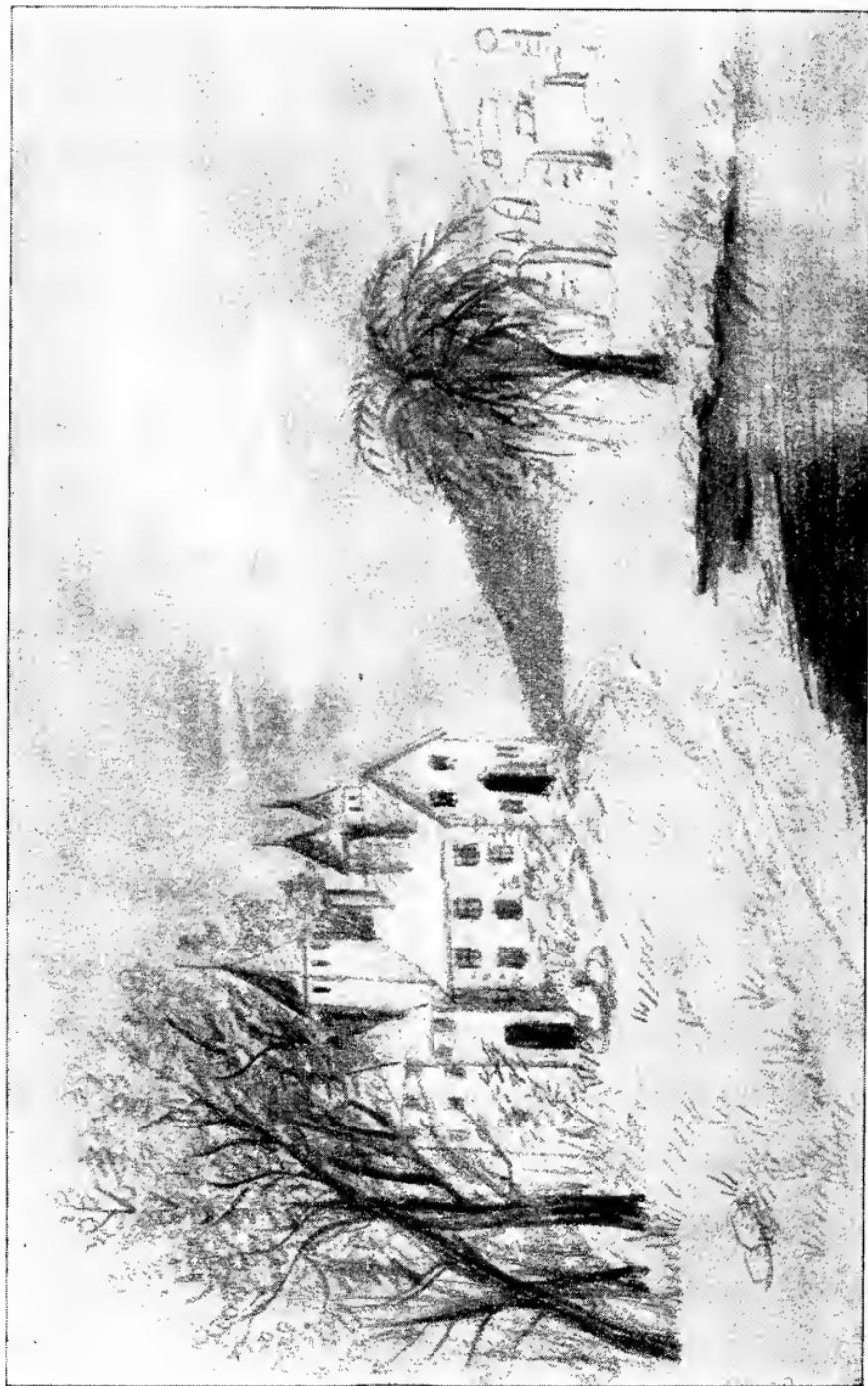
PRELUDE TO THE HAUNTED HOUSE

Soap suds foam as snow,
Now a toy rooster's crow;
Electric wire insects
Great genius reflects.

People grim ghost can be
In a house near the sea;
The knight was Capt. Nemo
Who a bugle did blow.

A rich woman and child
Were once herein beguiled.
A policeman rode by
And heard their wild cry.

His daring saved the two,
That is just how I knew
This weird story so well
And it truly can tell.



"The Haunted House."

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

Shadowy forms flit ever to and fro,
Solemn is the midnight chicken's crow;
Moonbeams stream faintly through the tall trees
While laden with fragrance is the breeze.

The ghost-like shadows flit out and in,
Hark! what is that great clatter and din?
And now a piercing scream rends the air
As ghostly phantoms flit from their lair.

At the windows dim lights can be seen,
At one, a knight, all arrayed in green;
A great scabbard clashes at his side;
Now horsemen down the avenue ride.

Winged insects whirl and whiz around,
And patches of snow lay over the ground,
Melting almost as fast as it falls,
A brave man's brow at the sight palls.

List! shuffling of dancing feet is heard,
Now a warble from some foreign bird;
Now ten thousand and one voices clatter
And in the Spanish language chatter

Some quaint weird verses to their image god;
Jailer stands o'er victim with lifted rod,
A sweet voice screams forth in plaintive wild,
Murdered, murdered, my poor dear child.

A small shadowy form is sweeping on by,
And after him another doth closely hie;
A piercing cry fills the filmy vault
As the two upon a precipice halt.

Now back to the old ruins both madly rush
And are lost to view amid the tangled brush.
Lights go out, winds set up wailing shriek,
Ghosts do jabber in Latin and Greek;

Doors slam shut with a loud, clashing sound,
Policeman chases victim with a hound;
Then shadowy forms are seen no more,
And the ghastly, weird tale endeth in gore.

THE SADNESS OF DESPAIR

(Continued from *The Haunted House*.)

The river winds in and out,
The stars sparkle through the trees,
Outlaws wander hereabout,
Or rest in the fragrant breeze.

The night hawk sets up his cry,
The owl's lone coo-hoot is heard;
Silent oarsman pass on by,
Aye, rowed on without one word.

An old castle rears its head
Among the tall, dark forest trees
And looks out over its dead
Where an aged sire upon his knees

Once knelt beside his buried child
In the days so long since passed
Before this was a tangled wild,
Then his grief hurried him fast

To his dark home six by three
In the family vault there
Beneath that lone willow tree,
Beside his wife and child fair.

Now the grim outlaws hold sway,
Trudging on their downward road,
Gaining not one flickering ray
Of a celestial abode.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN, BUT ALAS, ALAS

The old log house within the lane,
Is now my song and sad refrain;
It speaks to me of other days,
When my young life was one amaze.

It tells a story sweet and true,
A story sad that I now rue,
Mother begged me to stay home,
To curb my great desire to roam;

But go I would, far, far away,
And now she's 'neath the sodden clay;
My life is one of leaden woe,
For disobeying mother so.

My thoughts go back over life's track,
The bitter yearnings my heart do rack;
Yet no sweet voice comes from the tomb,
To dispel this weird and solemn gloom.

GALVESTON'S SORROW, AND HER LAMENTA-
TION

The flood came,
There was a rent;
The flood came,
Galveston went.

The flood came,
Sorrow was there;
The flood came,
Some rent their hair.

The flood came,
All plead and pray;
The flood came,
A night and day.

The flood came,
A desert waste;
The flood came,
People made haste.

The flood came,
I bowed my head;
The flood came,
Wept o'er my dead.

The flood ceased,
I raised my head;
The flood ceased,
I mourn my dead.

The flood ceased,
I stood appalled;
The flood ceased,
The church bell tolled.

The flood ceased,
And there was light;
The flood ceased,
And all grew bright.

SORROW'S LASHING TIDES

I ride mad waves far out to sea,
Far out across the briny lea;
On stormy waves I ride, I ride,
Floated hither by the surging tide.

E'er on and on I surge my way,
Tossed hither and thither day by day;
No loving arm my bark to guide,
Or row me safely 'bove Life's tide.

On and on the mad waves surge,
Alone, alone is e'er their dirge;
On and on they'er lashing high
Beneath a dark and sullen sky.

Alone; alone I drift at sea,
Tossed ever and ever is lonely me;
Right on and on I drift along,
Hence this sad and plaintive song.

My little bark rocks to and fro
As over the waves I madly go;
Aye, madly along I'm rushing now,
While sorrow crowds my furrowed brow.

FETTERED BY THE WAYSIDE

Here I sit alone in the star-lit night
Watching the dense shadows in their phantom flight,
While my sad thoughts wander to days gone by,
Laden with grim sorrow that over them hie,

Tingeing my leaden sky a dark purple ray,
Unthroning brave Courage in her martyr fray:
Grinding on aloft the wheel of grawsome woe,
Destroying the harvest as fast as I sow.

Baffling me in all I undertake to do,
Arresting Might and Main in my sanguine view;
Casting over all my life a shadow dim,
Confronting me by a monster most grim.

Causing the phantom of Terror to grasp me
While thus trying to journey across Life's lea;
Holding me fettered by the rough wayside,
While the surging billows around me ride.

SKEPTICAL WOE, ALAS, TOO TRUE

Matches, matches, buy from me, please,
Matches, matches, I'm 'bout to freeze;
Matches, matches, oh, do please buy,
Matches, matches, oh, heed my cry.

Matches, matches, do take them all,
 Matches, matches, I'm 'bout to fall;
 Matches, matches, I've nothing to eat,
 Matches, matches, you get them cheap.

Matches, matches, thank you, kind sir,
 Goody, goody, I'll take them to her;
 Poor, poor mother is sick in bed,
 Papa, dear papa, has long been dead.

ONE THOUGHTLESS WORD

“I came to buy some pins, if you please,
 What's the sign if on Saturday one sneeze?”
 “That perhaps you will see your beau tomorrow,”
 A toss of the head, and a care and sorrow.

With head bowed low to her home the girl went,
 And many sad hours in tears were spent,
 One thoughtless word changed the course of that day,
 For her dark-eyed lover lay 'neath sodden clay.

SADNESS

When robins gay do fly abroad,
 And the storm king over us doth lord;
 Then my heart grows sad and weary,
 To see the earth so dark and dreary.

OH, HOW FEARFUL

Children are often afraid of the thunder,
 Taking their shelter 'neath trees in their blunder;
 The vivid lightning comes flashing o'er,
 And the rain in torrents, how it does pour,
 And the thunder goes clashing and crashing aloud;
 And death's sombre mantle becomes their shroud.

OVER ME A SADNESS STEALS

I expected a letter on Monday,
On another he called that Sunday;
To the office I went at early morn,
And returned with hatred and dire scorn.

No letter at office for me that day,
And sad I wended my homeward way;
On Tuesday a letter I received,
Hours before, I was crushed and grieved,

For I knew another was his love,
His darling, his pride and cooing-dove;
So in grief I turned to my work
And frantic with woe, I fought with dirk,

The sharp dirk of sorrow and despair
The love for him from my heart to tear,
Aye, to slay the love within my sad heart,
To make the ghastly archer depart.

'Twas only the shadow he had given to me
Of his love from across a Texas lea;
The phantom still lingers like a tragic pall,
And from out the mist I hear its call;

Low and plaintive is its wailing cry
As into shadows it goes flitting by,
While over me hangs a deathly suspense
As into the future I shall look hence.

PLOWING LIFE'S STORMY MAIN

My barque I oft have tried to land,
But found great boulders on each hand;
So to sea I have put again,
Thus to plow life's stormy main.

I am plowing the briny sea
 And shall come where fair harbors be;
 Though back and forth doth ebb the tide,
 Joy will greet me at end of ride.

But it will be when my debts are paid,
 When to father's grave a tombstone's laid;
 When in peace I can rest from care
 In a home of love all bright and fair.

CON AMORE.

P. S.

There is one who watches over me,
 Guiding my frail barque o'er the sea;
 Giving me courage to do and dare,
 Making my life all bright and fair.

A SAD STORY WITH A SUPPLICATION

Drifting from my children alone,
 A plaintive cry, a woeful groan;
 Drifting on the billows of life,
 Fighting battles 'mid storm and strife.

Drifting ever and ever on,
 'Mid darkness and direful storm;
 Warding off Poverty's great fangs,
 Drowning the voice of sorrow's clangs.

Plowing the huge billows of life,
 Rifting the dark clouds all at rife;
 Trying to stop Poverty's wheel,
 Turning Industry's sullen reel.

Trying to spin out threads of gold,
 Though drifting alone in darkness and cold.
 Oh, why is Dame Fate so cruel?
 Oh, give me a bright home and gruel,

A kind and loving husband true,
With hair of brown and eyes of blue;
He must weigh two hundred or more,
William is the name I adore.

I will then worship at thy shrine
For giving me a husband kind;
On thy highness I'll often call,
Nor veil my glad self in a pall;

But weave through life threads of pure gold,
Tinting in pearl instead of mold:
Dissolving war-like strife and gloom
Weaving peace and joy through life's loom.

Painting the sky a gladsome ray,
Thus making all one fairy May,
Twining around my hearthstone love,
A diadem sent from realms above.

1902.

THE TRAIL OF LOVE UNVEILED

The trail of love lies across the field of Assumption,
around the bend of I Wonder; through the channel of
Hope; amid the vale of Perplexity, and up the steep and
rugged hill of I Will; whose caption reads "Dare;" and
just below in large type, "Love surrenders to Love,"
and both are strongly garrisoned by Matrimonial Ties,
in the barracks of Contentment.

A VOICE FROM OTHER CLIMES

Magnolias blooming far away,
In the southern lands today;
They tempt the eye with their bright hue,
And make me think, dear one, of you.

They tell to me a story sweet,
 As I am walking 'long the street,
 E'en though they are so far away,
 While I am 'neath other skies' ray.

They seem to speak to me afar,
 And tell me, love, just how you are;
 They tell me, too, of other climes,
 Of tangled wilds, and forest chimes.

A story sweet in verse they tell,
 Of wooded hill and tinted dell;
 Of verdure green and skies so fair,
 Bewildering scene both rich and rare.

THE TIDAL-WAVES OF LOVE

The river of love is frozen,
 A rigid, ghastly, leaden thing;
 Bereft of the one I had chosen
 There is left no source, no spring.

Only the tropical love's sun
 Can ever thaw the frigid stream
 And flow to life as it begun,
 Bringing true, deep joy, I ween.

So ply thy torch of flaming love
 Letting Sir Cupid's loyal strides
 Gain admiration from above,
 Wafting true joy upon the tides.

SHRINED IN MY HEART

Thou art dearer to me than the fairest day,
 With thee I while weary hours away:
 The pearly dew-drops glow and sparkle afar,
 But my true love, thou'rt my radiant star.





SG 1112

*"Oh, thou mystic bridge of love
Deep within the shade of grave."*

Thou'rt, my own true love, a glow of pure light,
More radiant by far, than the stars of night,
Showing a sincere love, pure and divine,
Whose firm, strong tendrils 'round my heart twine.

An accepted love, holy, true and pure,
Whose flashing light is most subtile, demure,
Bringing to my life a sweet, soothing calm,
Feasting my heart on love's heavenly balm.

THE BRIDGE OF LOVE

Oh, thou mystic bridge of love
Deep within the shade of grove,
Where giant oaks their branches spread
And where the maple shades a cove.

Here the love light's blush demure
Like radiant stars within the east
Rise one by one the campus o'er
To the vision weaving a fairy feast.

And here full many a match was wrought
Beneath the forest trees so rare,
Speaking a language quaint and true,
Smiling into eyes bewitchingly fair,

Wherein hidden mystery dwells,
And where the heart of boy and girl
Throbs beneath the sighing trees
While Cupid doth his arrow hurl.

Here winds play tunes to throbbing hearts,
As girls and boys trip to youth's chimes
Crossing again the dear old bridge
Quaffing nectar from fairy climes.

LOVE

Love is the pedestal of Hope; a perpendicular vault
of I Wonder; and enticing land of Perplexity; the mount
of Enthusiasm, the enchanted garden of Eden and the
portal to Paradise.

GIVE ME A LOVING HOME

Give me a home where peace and happiness reign,
Where there's intellect and where there's also brain;
Oh, give me a loving husband with eyes of blue,
My marriage with him I would never, never rue.

Then balmy days on joyful wings would speed,
I certainly a happy wife would be indeed;
Oh, weave, Sir Cupid, thy enchanted spell,
Give me a home entranced in which to dwell.

A husband whose true love will be all mine,
Then our cozy home will Eden enshrine;
Where the joy bells will tinkle for aye and anon,
While we shall bask ever in Love's divine sun.

“TRUTH IS STRANGER BY FAR THAN FICTION”

Aye, the weary hours they come and go
Like yon grim sentinels to and fro;
They crowd my furrowed brow with care,
Setting my sun in darkness there.

They chase the will-o'-the-wisp afar,
Letting its dark visage my life mar;
Showing a lurid discord of strife,
Setting my thoughts in a whirling rife.

They come and go 'cross the field of Hope
With the grim specter Despair I cope;
Still a waving light doth flicker afar,
And yonder there stands a gate ajar.

Ah, if I could only stretch forth a hand
And at my side my own truant land,
Joy bells would proclaim the truth aloud
As into his loving arms I'd crowd.

SORROW, GO THOU HENCE, COME, OH, JOY

I am sad, so sad, as I sit alone tonight,
Alone, all alone, as Time in his woeful flight
Lashes the billows of desolation o'er my bark,
Leaving my sky all dreary, all dismal, all dark.

Oh, for a hand loving and true, to rescue me,
Oh, for the safe, blissful refuge in wedlock's lea;
Oh, for loving arms to fold me to a bosom true,
For kind, tender and loving smiles and eyes of blue.

A PLAINTIVE CRY

Oh why am I so sad
And in grim sorrow clad?
Why cannot luck expand
And give to me rich land?

Why cannot love's light shine
And all become divine?
Why can't joy come to me
From across life's fair lea?

Why cannot I have a home
From which I would never roam?
A bower of pure delight,
Setting sorrow affright.

A bright cozy home of love
Sent from yon realms above;
A nook placid and warm,
Sheltered from life's fiercestorm.

AN ANSWER TO THE PLAINTIVE CRY

The future that I see for me,
 Is a great, cozy, fertile lea:
 A bower of pure and divine love
 Sent from yonder realms above.

A bright, cozy nook of pure joy,
 Where true, fond love will never cloy;
 A sweet garden of pure delight,
 Where all's a love-lit bower so bright.

I shall cease forever to roam,
 And dwell ever in this loving home;
 A dear home on a broad hill side
 Where gladness will ever abide.

A SUPPLICATION.

Dame Fate with solemn, magic wile,
 My weary loneliness beguile,
 Endow me with a comely face,
 And robe me with a queenly grace,
 Aye, there's naught that I would not do
 To gain a loving husband true.

A SOLILOQUY

Words nor pen can ne'er portray
 All that I to thee wouldst say;
 Waves of sadness 'round me surge,
 Alone, alone is e'er their dirge;
 Oh, that I were there tonight
 Crowned with love's sweet golden light.

Alas, the space of one long year,
 With her trains of care and fear,
 Lies between me and home joys;
 Grim specter with my lone heart toys.
 Away with thee, oh, ghastly thought,
 Hope with joy the future's wrought,

Cares and fears shall pass away,
And mirth glide in as bright as day;
Across the space of one long year,
I'll wed thee, darling one, my dear,
So with glad smiles I'll trip along,
To duty's music and love's song.

HE SOUGHT THE ACQUAINTANCE OF A NEAT LITTLE WIDOW

I hesitate not to address thee
Although thou'rt a stranger to me;
I am a widow, lonely and sad,
Desiring to be made happy, glad.

A true friend, a brother I desire
Only such could I respect, admire;
Kind and intelligent shall he be,
Or forever remain far, far from me.

His stature must be of perfect grace
And command sit throned on brow and face;
Adversed to all that's mean and low,
Lofty lineage on his brow shall glow.

Intractable thoughts and timid fear
Must stand far, nor come thy spirit near;
If this is a description of thee,
A friend or brother thou canst be to me.

A LETTER IN VERSE

Oh, would that I knew what to write
As I sit alone musing tonight,
In the soft twilight, dusky and gray,
Thinking of loved ones far away.

Gloomy the clouds that o'ershadow my sky,
Weary am I and ready to cry;
Waves of sadness around me do surge,
Alone, alone is ever their dirge.

Oh, would that my frail pen could write
All that I fain would say tonight;
Aye, I shall don me an armor of courage,
Defying waves that over me surge.

In tones loud and louder I shall proclaim
It takes not fortune, neither fame
To infuse happiness in my heart,
But love's most deep and magic dart.

Aye, love's smiles would prove all divine
And deep joy 'round my heart would twine
If I had but a husband true,
With hair of brown and eyes of blue;

Eyes where hid mystery doth dwell
And a sweet, gladsome story tell;
Eyes speaking to me all the while,
Winning me by their magic wile.

Now this letter to a close I bring,
Asking thee my door-bell soon to ring;
And my hand then in true love take
For I dream of thee asleep or awake.

P. S.

Please let me hear from thee by mail
Thereby parting the future's veil;
Oh, think of Alva lone and sad—
Have compassion and make her glad.

Oh! crown thou me with a true love's ray,
Making my life one gladsome day;
Weaving threads of amber and gold,
Plying Life's shuttle through heat and cold;

Plying in colors all vivid and sheen
A cottage home and sward of green,
Weaving an Eden's witchery bower,
All twined in love, in peace and power.

ALVA.

LETTER IN RHYME

Will go to Dallas Wednesday next,
 Pause, and remember well the text;
 There at eleven Cheerful street
 I with smiles my knight will greet.

Tuesday a letter to thee I'll send
 And kindest regards in it blend;
 The hour thou mayest call it will also state,
 Speed thou, oh, time, at a lively rate.

We will take in queenly Dallas,
 Sir Knight escorting little Trallas,
 Hand in hand we'll wandering go
 Rambling on 'neath the star-light glow.

Then when the day is bright and fair
 And life and mirth seem everywhere,
 To Exal's lake we'll wend our way,
 Happy as two children at play.

There where boats glide tranquil on
 We'll drift and ebb as yonder fawn,
 Scanning in rapture the verdure green,
 Portraying its scenery of old, I ween.

Three in the afternoon.

P. S.

Tonight this missive I will close,
 Seeking yon couch for sweet repose;
 Good-night, and pleasant dreams to you,
 Alack, I fain would omit adieu.

TRALLAS.

Eight in the evening.

DEARER BY FAR THAN GOLD

I seek the love that I met one day,
 Met on a Hillsborough railway;
 His winning name was what it may be,
 He was dearest of all to me.

His eyes were of a witching blue,
In their depths I read a love true;
My heart yearns for this love of old,
Dearer by far than treasures of gold.

Oh ! if he'd but return to me,
A bright glow would hallow life's lea;
A soft tinge would gladden my sky
As into his dear arms I'd fly.

ONE HEART'S STORY

With a true, deep love I seek for you,
I know of your equal there are but few;
Light of my life and joy of my heart
Live with me ever, from me never part;

I then your loyal mate will prove,
Ere too late to a home let us move;
And in peace we'll dwell there in joy,
Nor will the months nor years ever cloy.

Darling, take me to your arms so true,
Alluring me with those eyes of blue,
Lulling me often to sweet repose
In a white cottage adorned by the rose.

Clinging to you, my love, we shall there
Ever abide, quite free from dull care;
And there where all is gladsome cheer
We will renew our vows each year.

WAIF OF DESTINY'S STRAND

SCENE.—A lovely lawn, lighted with Japanese lanterns; seats distributed about; the audience sitting here and there; a platform at one side, consisting of a rug, if nothing more; two poles in the ground, with curtain attached. The curtain goes up, and Elf Child is

seen gazing dreamingly toward the west. Something in her attitude is, oh, so sad and plaintive. Presently, a fairy all dressed in white, with starry spangles dotting bodice, trips lightly across the stage and taps the Elf on the arm.

Fairy.—Thou forlorn little creature, whence dost thou come, and whither goest thou?

Elf Child—I am an orphan, and they call me the waif of Destiny's Strand.

Fairy.—Ha, I've heard of thee; thy father was an artist and thy mother an authoress, no wonder Destiny took charge of thee.

Elf Child.—If I am a waif, I have not been accustomed to such audacity as you presume, besides, I am the mermaid preliminary of events. The haughty dames of Syntax are my clients.

Fairy.—Whew, your vocabulary is in the extreme.

Elf Child.—This is my enchanted hall and there is the exit.

Fairy.—You don't mean to insinuate that I am dismissed.

Elf Child.—No, not so tame, I plainly say go.

Left alone, she stands in a musing attitude. Presently she is aroused by a knight arrayed in French costume of the early seventies with armor and clashing sword.

Elf Child.—So you have come at last; I have waited long.

Knight.—Mademoiselle, I hurried as rapidly as I could, considering the revolt throughout the land.

Elf Child.—Clergyman Goodyear is waiting, and there the guests sit. (Tapping a tiny bell, three little girls all in white come upon the scene chanting a melody soft and low. At the close of the song, the aged clergyman walks slowly across the stage and pauses before the Elf and Knight. At a word from the priest, spoken so low that it reaches not the ears of the audience, they join hands, and in solemn tones the ceremony begins)

Clergyman—Dost thou, Knight of Loyal, take this Elf Child to be thy lawful, wedded and cherished wife to love and protect throughout life?

Knight.—I do.

Clergyman.—And thou, Elf, what is thy decree?

Elf Child.—That I will gladly accept him as my lawful and wedded husband.

Clergyman.—Obedient I trust thou wilt be.

Elf Child.—Reverend Sir, I am in the fetters of Destiny, and her rod of iron shall be my guide.

Clergyman.—Aha, I knew that thou wouldest prove loving and dutiful. Thou art man and wife, and may the holy ties be as binding twenty centuries hence as now. Amen.

VALEDICTORY

As I stand on the pinnacle of Hope, and look around over the school-room my mind's eye penetrates the very depths of your hearts and souls, and I proclaim yesterday of the past, with the essence of its harvest still afloat.

Today's curtain is looped aside, and we sweep our eye along the vale, disclosing the fact that the mountain peaks are rather steep and rugged, but with glimpses of a hallowed sunset's glow.

Tomorrow may precipitate us all into the vortex of oblivion, or spread before us the enchanted vineyard of perceptible light. So fragile is the web of life, that one touch may change all. Ah ! the moments are the manna, aye, the wine of life. Partake freely whilst thou canst; imbibe the pure divine nectar ere the fountain goes dry.

'Tis not the yesterday, nor today, nor tomorrow, that brings about the wonders of time; but it is the hours, the minutes, yea, the crumbs swept up that make the great feats. Like a flash of lightning, they bring in their wake the great deeds of the times. As we scan the scenes of by-gone years, our hearts go back to the haunts of yore, and to the dear enshrined faces, endeared to us by the sacred ties of kindred relation, or the loyal bonds of friendship. To the board of instructors, we would extend our sincere thanks for efficient



instructions, and for their many pleasant greetings. It is a well known fact that in past ages, some of our most distinguished men and women have risen to distinction from the very depths of obscurity, and under the most adverse circumstances. Now we have affluence on all sides, and a broad thoroughfare across the field of education. To my own instructor, who was ever untiring in her labor to advance my interest, I will say that it is largely to her efforts that I owe my success. To her I am indebted for much that I am or ever hope to be. To those who succeed us, I would say, if you would coast clear of the shoals of Difficulty, have your beacon light, and sail thereto. That beacon must lie across the sea of Firm Resolve, through the channel of I Will, and straight into the harbor of Pluck and Energy. Let no trait of a disordered nature thwart your purpose. If such have roots in your hearts, pluck them out. Let not the darkness of despair shroud your lives, or turn you from your purpose. Grasp the helm of loyal Hope and she will pilot you through.

In conclusion, I will say, put all your trust in God, and when this veil of tears shuts you out, your beacon light will guide you to a radiant port, and the harps of celestial ones will be your guiding star.

GEOGRAPHY IN A NUT-SHELL

Geography is a description of the earth,
It makes my chubby sides merry with mirth
To think what a commodious world this is;
Here over and over I must roll; gee-whiz.

Tells of rippling rivers and of mountains high,
And of more than a fellow can think, oh fie.
Go over a portion when I go for cows
Amid the cool shadows where they browse.

You all smile because this noddle can't tell more,—
Stuffed fuller than you think of ancient lore;
Could bound the whole United States if I would,
But don't think 'twould do you simpletons any good.

THE EARTH

This earth is a curious body, made more curious in the motley inhabitants which populate it. A vast sphere of oceans, seas, gulfs, lakes, rivers and other water courses. It contains mountains, hills and a lot of other things too numerous to mention. The most curious part, however, is its revolving capacity, an axis, a mental machinery on which it pivots.

Gee, but its a mighty problem; makes a fellow scratch his head. Well, I've set the ball to rolling, but, by drat, you older fellows can figure out the problem.

THE NEW ENGLAND STATES

Yes, New Hampshire's scenery is grand;
Maine's ship building leads the land;
Vermont's noted for her marble fine,
Massachusetts when drawn up in line
Confronts Rhode Island's received coal
And Connecticut's fire arms bold.

Massachusetts' voice is heard.

Oh! no, neither shall burn me out,
Nor shall either ever me rout;
But we six now will join hands
And agree to fill this world's demands;
And as we before her thus do stand
We salute broadcast this fair, fair land.

A WEIRD STORY

I now tell a story plaintive and true
Of an explorer and his brave crew;
Of snow clad mountains rising afar,
And of Greenland's seal and of polar bear.

That in the far north severe snows abound,
Running under earth the esquimaux hound;
Glittering in splendor the sun's low ray
As it sinks into six months night from day.

OKLAHOMA'S SALUTE

Oklahoma is a country new,
From far and near people there flew;
The wind is an old resident there,
Gets wild at times, and on a tear.

That country, though, is very fine,
There people stood drawn up in line;
A dash for that land they all made,
Some, however, were left in the shade.

COUNTRIES ACROSS THE SEA

Old Ireland is the land of wit,
Of Irish wag, and of Irish grit;
Scotland's picturesque scenery,
Thrills with enchanting venary.

Wales mines, her leading interest,
And copper ore her hills infest;
England's some larger than New York,
The home of many a man from Cork.

A LOCH

A loch is water surrounded by land.
Down, down in depths, fish sport in the sand;
Yes, boats go sailing thereon, you know,
And tall water rushes along its banks grow.

A RIVER

A river is a stream that is flowing through the land;
Its eddying, rippling music is sweeter than the band;
It winds and winds 'mid the ancient hills and dales,
Right in and out, and all aglow, it onward trails.

CONSISTENCY IS A MARVEL

On his axis went the sun
As his daily course he spun;
It was glorious morning light,
And now 'tis starry night.

Stars have come out one by one,
And the daily work is done;
The sun is now across the sea,
Assisting China with her tea.

ENCHANTING ITALY

Italy's skies are fair,
Her scenery is grand;
We wander in amaze
Over enchanting land.

We climb the lofty Alps,
We are scaling them now;
We look far, far below,
From this pinnacle's brow.

A MOUNTAIN

A mountain is a lofty peak,
When I look up, my neck does creak;
Yes, 'tis the kind of ancient hill,
The mind with sublime thoughts to fill.

HILLS

Little hills are moles of creation,
And are strewed all over the nation;
They are the foothills of mountains high,
Though 'long the valleys they nestling lie.

THE MAN IN THE MOON

The man in the moon is only an optical delusion. The object which you see there is merely debris, the collateral formation of a mountain slide. Take hold of Imagination's hand and she will lead you up the perpendicular cavity of Zautima. Now as you stand on the pinnacle of Naught, look away toward Autrilla, and find there a Zautomane.

EVERYTHING HAPPENS FOR THE BEST

Snakes were handed down from the garden of Eden, and are sure to journey with us through life. My blood riles, though, when I think of Mother Eve bringing such a reptile into our midst. But Wisdom, they say, entered at the same time, and if that is really the truth, I would better pause and contemplate awhile. Now as I have pondered for some moments on this vital point, I shall conclude by simply stating that the old adage is true, "Everything happens for the best."

JEFFERSON CITY

I never to Jefferson City have been,
So cannot say much about her;
But she is far famed for her classical laws,
And her rigid legal spur.

The famed old state house towers aloft,
And you may see at any hour
Intellectual statesmen come and go,
Looking rather fierce and sour.

Our Governor rules with a staid, firm hand
By the laws of this great state;
Hurrah, hurrah, for our old capital;
May our love for her ne'er abate.

NORTH AND SOUTH POLES

Poles as a general rule are only a few feet long at best. But there are two poles which are marvelous in perception, and are of an indiminishable length. I am now standing on a plateau lying between these notable poles, and scan with my mind's eye, their perplexing aspect. They seem to be convexed or of a semicircle, and both on their dignity, and of such a turn, that their mere contemplation congeals me into an iceberg.

A GLIMPSE OF FAIRY LAND

Fairy.—Archer of Custard Pies. Why, how ridiculous; who left ajar my culinary gate, I wonder? I shall fasten it securely and go out into the enchanted garden of Repose. Those words posted above the gate, "Archer of Custard Pies," have a familiar look. Ah, I have the problem solved; 'tis the signature of that determined Lieutenant Magpie. Heigh-ho, who comes there?

Repose.—The maid of Repose.

Fairy.—You don't say so. I have often heard of you, but as this is my first visit to the Isle of Repose, I must plead my ignorance of this lovely vale and its inhabitants.

Repose.—You must have come through the side entrance.

Fairy.—I came through a gate in what seemed to be a cloistered nook.

Repose.—Oh, horrors, you passed through the holy Muse's precinct, and woe will betide him ere another dawn.

Firefly.—Oh, no, woe does not menace the Muse at all.

Fairy.—Heigh-ho, how art thou, little Miss Firefly?

Firefly.—Quite well, thank you.

Fairy.—Has your sailor father returned from his subterranean voyage beneath the sea of Curiosity?

Firefly.—Yes, he returned some two weeks ago.

Fairy.—Oh, take a seat on Humanity's chair, and tell us all about that wonderful voyage.



Page 93. "A bevy of bright faces was aglow in that old chair."

Hark! the maid of Repose is certainly perturbed; with a hand uplifted in tragical gesture, she holds for one brief moment her audience.

Repose.—Little Miss Firefly, woe does threaten General Muse. Look! ah, see that dense veil of gloom o'ershadowing his brow.

The two little fairies turn their eyes in the direction designated, and lo, a dense vapor almost obscures the recluse's cloistered bower, or, as called in Fairy Land, the honey hive of maple sugar. A mischievous smile plays about the pretty rosy mouth of little Miss Firefly.

Firefly.—Woe, woe, no such mishap could befall our Muse, that vapor is the effulgence of thought. See, it goes wafting far out on Ignorance's sound, where it vibrates along the shores of Perceptibility.

Repose.—You must be the Muse's daughter, or you would not be so wise.

Firefly.—I am only his half sister.

Repose.—Ah, that accounts for the halo playing above your brow. Perhaps you can tell what became of the tiger who consumed your grandmother.

Firefly.—My grandmother is alive and quite well, thank you.

Repose.—Indeed, I saw crape on the door just after Mr. Tiger's departure, and by the way, I met said Mr. Tiger just around the bend on that memorable morning, and he looked as if he had swallowed a whale.

Firefly.—For shame, my poor grandmother's ears must be burning. (This with a heavy sigh.)

Repose.—Little Firefly, I beg pardon, but you borrowed from Pat, the Irishman, in regard to my Muse, and—and—well, I caught a glimpse of Mike's portrait, and it suggested those vehement, outspoken thoughts, though no offense was meant whatever.

Humanity's chair happened to be one of those large, commodious structures, adhesive to the past and present generations, with a spacious receptacle for holding as many children or fairies as choose to crowd therein. And ere the witching voice of Repose had died away, a bevy of bright faces was aglow in that old chair, all eager for the story of marine life, and its thrilling ad-

ventures. But Repose was not so reposed after all, as with furtive glances, she watched that dense vapor as it curled higher and higher.

Firefly.—Why Repose, have you never seen the fumes of a Havana before?

Repose.—How could I? I didn't serve in the Cuban war.

Firefly.—Well, to tell the truth, I think that your optical delusion is a nightmare.

Repose.—Absurd; I can tell when my Muse is in trouble.

Firefly.—You can, eh, well, that smoke—ah, I see that your perceptible powers are returning—is merely the fumes from Uncle Fog's Havana, a cigar sold to the slow suicides of today.

Repose.—What! You appall me.

Firefly.—It is a well known scientific fact that cigars are the royal road to a life of hereafter in the dismal swamps of Slothfulness.

Repose.—So the Muse's or Wisdom's scientific hints are in the atmosphere.

Ape.—Indeed indeed they are, I smell 'em breath, look! look! fairies, there's their advance guard.

A gallant Ape, all arrayed in green, red and yellow, strode forth from a gigantic forest just on the right. Between the appalling specter and the Gallant Ape, Repose's repose took flight, and if it had not been for brave little Firefly, the Muse would have ended in woe as predicted. An old crooked stick that she had unconsciously been flourishing, proved the magic wand of predestined fate that turned the pivot that transformed Sir Muse into Aunt Jane's great-grand-daughter's pet dog, with Nemo, the hunter, by his side. They were sitting on the banks of Goodcheer, watching with interest the flight of some birds.

Fairy.—Heigh-ho, Nemo, send a boat adrift laden with turtle's eggs, for we are as hungry as mad wolves.

But the wind, a tropical gale, at that time, was blowing sixty knots an hour, so that the startling command was lost, carried far out to leeward. But the magic wand brought a banana tree right into that enchanted nook, and set the fairies' thoughts adrift after

the marine tug of Captain Walrus, the Lock Heart, which had cruised among the Isles of Lost Ages, in the ocean of Forgetfulness. As the fairies take their positions one by one to hear the romantic tale of the sea, Gallant Ape stood as loyal Knight of Honor. His pass word known to each fairy as follows :

Ape.—Oh-ho, oh-ho, here we all go, to get more pearls to adorn your curls.

Fairies.—Sir Gallant Ape, you are a knight. To our camp you have an invite.

The pass words are spoken loud and firm, and now all turn their attention to the sea-yarn.

Firefly.—That ship, father said, made straight to Off-set Isle, where some reputed cannibals held sway. Father, you all know, is a plucky man, and he bethought to convert himself into a porcupine with every quill a defensive arm of justice, and by the time the controversy came to an end those cannibals were nowhere to be seen; the gulf of Oblivion had swallowed them up. Father was standing with one foot on the brink of said gulf, when reaction set in, and he looked about in a dazed way for the Lock Heart. He espied her floating as serenely as a fawn upon the placid waters. It consumed only the space of a moment for him to borrow the strength of Iron Clad, using said strength in stuffing his feet into his pockets, and sailed across to his treasured barge. Well, it wasn't many hours until he ran aground on the shoals of Treachery, off the coast of Good Hope, and by firing a cannon of enthusiasm he was able to bring to his assistance a marine army of sea gulls, who flattered their vanity by being able to cope with the undertow of a downward pull. Father gave them the nick-name of "a stitch in time." It was not long until he came to the bleak, mountainous and desolate region of No Man's Land, which lies off the coast of Women Scarcity Isle, just to the left of Non-Matrimonial sea. Father said that the region was so rigid, that he was almost petrified into a last year's rose with all the thorns left on. A few days later, he came to Wedlock's summer resort, and was much elated over Cupid's great victories. He also stated, that it seemed to him as if the weevil of Discontent had been forever

routed, and on their deplorable town site had been erected Eden's witchery bower, with its first rosebuds abloom, labeled with the one word "Thornless." He said that smiles were the chief dessert for breakfast, dinner and supper, and that the aggregate cost of a wife's summer outing was sugar lump and kisses. And that the happy, loving husband was an idol of all perfection. He soon left this isle, as he said it caused him to have a hankering after younger days. Finally he started on his homeward voyage, making sure to coast clear of the Isle of Know-nothing, which was densely populated by a dwarf-like class of people. Some few days later, he sailed into what is known as Wisdom's Sound, lying along the Dominion of Intelligence, and disembarked with the sole purpose of taking in the sights, which consisted chiefly of the legends of bygone ages. They were suspended in artistic taste along the walls of Memory, and bespoke a language of moulded resurrection, an importunity just at hand. When he again took passage, every pocket was stuffed full of ancient lore.

Repose.—Perhaps, Miss Firefly, that is the reason why your forehead is so pronounced.

Firefly.—Perhaps, was the modest reply.

SHOWS

The shows are where clowns do say funny things,
And where babies hold monkeys slack by the strings;
'Tis where the aged and the young do come
To see the animals and hear the drum.

Where the men and boys ride ponies and sing,
And jump through a hoop, and leap through a ring;
Where the great bear his paws doth chew,
And where the ring master cries out "Whew."

Where the forest king holds himself aloof,
Who fain would go right through his cage's roof;
Where the leopard is proud of his many spots
And the camel quaint around the ring trots.

Shows are zoological gardens rare,
Where are seen the elephant, the tiger and bear;
Where ladies and gents the menagerie inspect,
And meanwhile they should on God's wisdom reflect.

Ah, yes, a good show, is no small affair,
For there you see beasts from every lair;
A prim and charted zoological school,
Where the wise may learn, as well as the fool.

ONE LITTLE GIRL'S VIEW

In shows are tawny monkeys,
Bears and giraffes tall;
And great humpback camels,
The lion and the lioness.
Leopards and wild cats,
Large snouted elephants;
And fine trained horses,
Ponies cute and rare,
The great sea-horse, or
Walrus, and the wolf;
Tigers, panthers sure,
Snakes from every clime,
And birds of every hue.
You will find shows
A great curiosity shop;
Most everything is there,
Save just two things,
A canoe and a pulpit;
These you will find
Over at Madam Grundy's.

THE MASTER COMES ON THE SCENE

It takes just such a chap as I to propound zoology.
What do women and girls know about the animal kingdom, anyway? Just about as much as my hollow tooth would hold; yes, just about. Say, boys, did you ever

try to ride a wheelbarrow? Well, the monkey on horse-back has a strong resemblance to you fellows when astride the rouster-bout. I would like to go into details and tell you fellows all about the circus, but, for the lack of time, will confine myself to the main features and say the show was glorious. Yes, you bet it was glorious, simply a thunder and lightning affair; superb as the ancient doings of the gods of old with a goodly supply of modern spice as dessert. You boys who missed the sniptious oracle would better scratch your heads and take a seat in the way back corner of Know-nothing. As I have stated, my time is pressing, so will close by disclosing the zoological fact, that circuses and shows in general are like grandma's cupboard pies, only far better, for they are crested over with banana candy syrup. Hurrah, boys, hurrah, do be ready for the next show. Bury yourselves, not in Dunce-cap corner, but march forth in grand array to see the circus, show and play. You bet they are flavored spices. Well, yes, a fellow's purse-string loosens, but what of that? tata, tata.

THE CIRCUS

The circus came to our town,
It had an old dog for a clown;
Ring-master was a rat, you know,
Who all around the ring did go.

Cat played on the flute, you bet,
But the monkey was the pet;
The fox I liked the best of all,
For his stock of wisdom was not small.

Yes, I liked the circus fine,
From the jungle beast to kine;
From the fierce old wolf to coon,
Hope another will come soon.

AN ANIMATED RECEPTION

The dog played the flute,
The owl cried coo-hoot;
The cat climbed a tree,
The cow laughed in glee.

The pig grunted his way
To the heaped apple tray;
Old Dock neighed aloud,
At the ludicrous crowd.

Still the flute kept on,
Through the night, till dawn;
'Twas a reception fine,
The best in its line.

THE ELEPHANT

An elephant is a great brown animal,
And often carries the hideous cannibal;
It is frequently found in Africa's wilds,
And sometimes entrapped by magical wiles.

PUZZLES

A giant in the hands of right,
Wedged his way with all his might;
The true lever of Progression's vim,
Government rights were indued by him.

Of bloodthirsty foes he thought he had none,
Yet their atrocious work they soon had begun;
An assassin's havoc found its way,
Besieging true happiness in one brief day.

Sending its dirge throughout the world,
Into briny tears the earth did hurl;
The direful news flew around the globe,
While a somber mantle the earth did robe;

Driving at bay Placidity's smile,
Tangling a web in Sorrow's wile;
Bringing to bear another firm hand,
To rule this our enshrined land.

Scholgosz's bullet.

An atrocity happened years ago,
'Twas before the chickens were heard to crow;
Occurred in an enchanted bower,
Aye, at a rather early hour;
Bespoke a coil of grave fanatic woe,
Though knowledge then was imparted, I trow.
Eve partaking of the forbidden fruit.

It notes the pace of life,
Placid at peace or strife;
Toils serenely along;
And company is its song.

Clock.

Giant Pigeon-toes,
Dark blue is your nose;
Your fingers are trim,
While your name is grim.

Norther.

It burns its lurid way
Through solid brick or clay;
Plays havoc here and there
Worse than a grizzly bear.

Slander.

You imbibe it every day
At toilsome work, at gladsome play;
Often checks the ebb of life,
Stops the anguish of war-like strife;
Accomplishes wonders in a day,
Whether at work, or whether at play.

Water.

Flounders in water at a terrific rate,
On land it goes at a slow tortoise's gate;
Its productions are sold in the busy mart,
And splendid knife handles bespeak its part;
My profound conundrum lives in waters large,
And goes lumbering on like a clumsy old barge.

The Walrus.

A busy body on Duty's roll,
Very impressive on Life's scroll;
Marks thy footsteps in a degree,
And is meter to the family tree.

Father Time.

Derives its name from Madam Grundy,
Walks boldly into abnormal ways,
And takes its stand in Duty's ranks.

The Poker.

Fat as a butter-ball,
O'er the floor it doth crawl;
Sky blue is one color,
And jet-black another.

My papa's little love,
My mama's cooing dove;
Papa's very own prize,
My mama looks quite wise.

Baby with blue eyes and black hair.

'Tis a knowing animal,
And eats like a cannibal;
Well, hardly so savage,
Through fields it doth ravage.

This pet thou wouldest like to own,
For it in thy slumbers groan;
Pricks up its ears when it sees thee,
And stands hitched tight to a pear tree.

A. Colt.

AN ACROSTIC

Benign proved the ladies of your town,
Responding to the calls of those around;
Enlivening life's sad and rugged way,
Nymphs changing snow clad winter into May.
Homage I now extend to each and all,
Aver, I'll ever prove true to thy call.
May thy life glide on tranquilly to its close,
Tranquil and thornless as is many a rose;
Equipped for life's long, useful, joyous fight;
Xylophoned to thy home of celestial light.
Attend the perusal of this with a kind smile,
Sanguinely weaving for me thy blessings the while.

ENIGMA

My first is in glade, but not in wood,
My second is in valid, but not in good;
My third is in knoll, also in hill,
My fourth is in rivulet, but not in rill;
My fifth is in parade, but not in array,
My sixth is in spring, but not in May;
My seventh is in steeple, but not in spire,
My eighth is in weapon, but not in fire;
My ninth is in noise, also in sound,
My whole is a most delightful town.

Galveston.

ACROSTIC

Sentinels silently pace to and fro,
Always ready to encounter the foe;
Narrow and quaint old streets traverse the town,
Alluring us on, around and around;
Notable are its sad tales of gore,
Touching on many a sage of yore,
O'er hill and through dale it wends its way,
North, south, east, west, come health-seekers each day;
Imbibe the rare pleasures she offers,
Of its historical treasure's coffers;
Through the city the river murmurs on,
Ever, forever gamboling, yet on us fawn;
Xanthic hued flowers climb terrace and wall,
Admiring, entranced we stand, each and all;
Santa Anna's invasions no longer appall.

UNITED

“Why was McKinley like a cross-cut saw?”

“Give it up,” said son.

“Aye, he was as sharp as a razor, severing the
boundary line between the rigid North and sullen
South.
The Cuban war key.”

An article much used,
And more often is abused;
It goes in a brisk sweep,
Resting, into corners creep.

A Broom.

There a lovely lady doth proudly walk,
With thirty little children who almost talk;
She wears a dress of a motley hue.
And over the fence like a bird she flew.
Hen with thirty chickens.

Puff, puff it now goes,
Aye, dangerous to toes;
This riddle, please solve
While its vapors dissolve.

Boiling kettle.

CLASH YOUR WEAPONS

When in dunning for a bill,
Don't go 'round, but straight up hill;
Clash your weapons as you go,
Don't glide cautious on tiptoe
Like a tiger in its lair,
Taking its victim unaware.

GREEK, MADE CLEAR AS A WHISTLE

“Good morning, can I see the lady of the house?”
“Are you an agent?”

“Ahem! only a solicitor, madam.”

“Well, book agents and solicitors in general are
rather a peculiar class of people, and it is greatly to my
purse-string's disadvantage to entertain them.”

"Madam, you needn't extend any courtesy to me whatever, other than just merely scan, for one moment, this little article," exhibiting a patent bed spring.

"Oh! you have coils of rattle-snakes! take them away! take them away!"

"Aha, madam, this is the twentieth century bed spring." And drawing himself up to his full height, continued: "Madam, I can tell you most distinctly that I am no book agent, nor one of those humbug lightning-rod peddlers."

"Beg pardon, for taking you for an equinoctial."

"Excuse me, madam, but I am floundering in the dark."

"Well, you see, there is an agent who pays his semi-annual visits, and I thought that you were he."

"Ahem."

THE SPECTACLE MAN

Madam, try these glasses on,
Now please look across yon lawn;
Thinkest thou that they'll suit thee?
Thou canst buy for dollars three.

Thanks, dear madam, so good-day,
Hope the gold lasts 'till I'm away;
What idiots these women be,
When dealing with humble me.

THE MORTHENIC GIRL

The new morthenic girl
Walks the street in a whirl;
Often smokes cigarettes,
And very frequently bets.

Shakes her fist with a dare,
Looks at you with haughty stare;
Her smiles are rather broadcast,
While she's audaciously fast.

A HAPHAZARD STATE

A muddy street I descry
With vehicles passing by;
Traffic's something to lament
When your money is all spent.

Hurrah! hurrah! for the busy mart
When you have a gladsome heart,
Then your money takes to wing,
And the packages home you bring.

THE TRAVELER

I believe that this is Mountain Inn,
Where you take all the tribe and kin;
I am the kindred of that tribe,
A good supper may start the bribe.

So, John, just pass the steak this way,
That cake, please, now that apple tray;
Rough road through the mountain past,
But a good supper and rest at last.

THE OLD TRAVELER'S GRIP

The old traveler's grip
Made an all 'round trip;
Contains these articles,
And lots of dust particles.

Here is a sniptious tie,
Here's a bottle of rye;
Comb I bring right out,
And a lot of soap I rout.

Soiled collars and cuffs,
And a shirt front of puffs;
A picture of Miss Brown.
And a revolver hound.

FARMER SMITH TAKES A TRIP TO THE FAIR

Boarded the thundering train for the fair
To see the sights exhibited there;
Following Sir Roosevelt in his route,
Viewing the quaint scenes all about.

Marveling with a peculiar frown
At the sights seen in St. Louis town;
Trudging along until the eve,
The whole outlandish business cleave.

REGARDLESS OF THE WEATHER

A lady boarded the train,
She was dripping from the rain;
Had in one hand a bandbox,
Shaped like the ears of a fox.

The conductor came walking by,
This lady he did descry,
"Your ticket, dear madam, please,
I see that you're going to Reas."

"My friend wired me from that town,
Requesting that I should come down;
Going to give party, I think,
Wants me to lead rinky dink."

A NUISANCE SUSTAINED BY THEORIST, TO-
GETHER WITH APPROPRIATE HINTS,
REMEDIES, ETC.

What are rats? The nuisance of all creation. You would think so if you roosted in the garret. They chase across a fellow like a parcel of shoals after bait; and what a bait I am; they mince me from eve till morning.

No getting rid of them by a jug-full; they hold the mortgage. Vacate is the remedy, but the disease is far better than the remedy. Barn loft is the tonic, but Dr. Good-for-nothing doesn't think it best for me. Grin and Endure is the old reliable bitters, and by taking them in small doses, I think that I will come out all right; especially as spring is here, and I have hopes that I can induce Messrs. Rats to rent out and move to the barn.

NEIGHBORS WILL HAVE VIEWS

“Come right in, Mrs. McElroy, take a seat,
You'll find our hearthstone cheerful and neat;
Fire this cold day has a pleasant glow,
Please have off your wraps, now warm your toe.

Glad you came, looked for you yesterday,
In self defense, what have you to say ?”
“Going off visiting makes Ben scold,
The weather you know has been quite cold.”

“Whew, that husband of yours will not do,
I fear he's making a slave of you.”
“Mr. McElroy is the best of men,
No one could ever complain of Ben.”

“Let's see, you've been married quite awhile,
My yes, and are still like a mere child,
What do you do to preserve your youth ?”
“Of mornings I go gleanin'g, like Ruth.”

“Oh, do not tell me that you work out,
A servile slave you are, without doubt;”
“My dear friend, do not have such a view,
Ben takes tiller and guides the bark's crew.

I take enough exercise in the air,
To keep my complexion both tender and fair;
And shall ever continue as I have begun,
While journeying here 'neath God's glorious sun.”

BUSINESS LINKED WITH PLEASURE

My mama gave me that jet-black hen,
She also gave me that old rail pen:
That pen contains a hog or two,
You noisy chickens, shoo! shoo! shoo!

Those hogs, I shall sell, sir, one of these days,
And the things I'll get will you amaze;
Ribbons and laces I'll get galore,
Toys be scattered all over the floor.

My, won't I think I am the girl, though,
But a most sprightly one, I'd have you know;
I'll buy a new dress for poor May Brown,
And feast the sad beggars of the town.

POULTRY RAISING AS AN ART

Poultry raising is an art,
Ha, how you do frown and start;
Just take a look into these pens,
There, see those nice brown leghorn hens.

They lay their golden eggs galore,
I now will open wide the door;
Get out into the yard, you hen,
Now action full to your wings lend.

Now, all of you may come right out,
The air will do you good, no doubt;
Don't you think I've a nice line?
This pen is of black Spanish fine.

Yes, poultry raising is an art,
It brings good prices in the mart;
Now, all who wish to do quite well,
Let such upon these verses dwell.

Incubators I have, too.
Keeps me busy, I tell you,
But money soon comes flowing in,
'Tis true, you work if you would win.

HOG RAISING

A great pot of gold will surely be thine,
By working diligently 'mong the swine;
Oh, ply thyself well unto hog raising,
The profits you'll find will be amazing.

A fool's advice is better than none,
Though it is often in mere jest spun;
The above advice, thou canst well take,
And it, with thy treasures one will make.

POULTRY RAISING

Poultry raising is another cue,
But why divulge it to such as you;
A haughty stare is my reward,
No poultry, madam, nor any lard.

MADCAP HARRY

“Evening paper,” the boy cries,
While mirth sparkles from his eyes;
“It tells the story of the crime,
In garnished prose, also in rhyme.”

“What dreadful crime, my honest lad ?
It cannot be so very bad.”
“Oh, yes, madam, it surely is,
But, madam, please do not me quiz.

Read paper and see for yourself,
Then shove the whole back on the shelf.”
“Show me just where to find the crime,
And I'll reward you well sometime.”

“Look right here, now don't you see,
John O'Dair wed to Kate Lee.”
“Hateful little scamp, you go,
Or the reason why, I'll know ”

"WHAT CANNOT BE CURED MUST BE ENDURED"

Pins are of women a part,
 Have their say in the busy mart;
 Prick a fellow now and then,
 As he pins his tie again.

One now rests beneath my chin,
 Oh, this horrid, crooked pin;
 Madam Rex; you need not smile,
 You only cause my blood to boil.

Pins and women are alike,
 When needed most are out of sight;
 Riles a fellow all in twain,
 Still in our midst they must remain.

SUMMARY EVENTS

My nose itches to be sure,
 Some one's knocking at the door;
 Ask them in, do, if you please,
 Hush, my baby, don't you sneeze.

Good morning to Mrs. McDot,
 Did you walk 'cross our new lot?
 Have that seat right over there,
 How are you, good lady fair ?

My babe's quite fretful today,
 Just sent over for Doc Ray;
 Catnip tea I'm giving it,
 But it helped it not one bit.

You are quite a nurse, I know,
 Just feel of its sweet, wee toe;
 Come right on in, good doctor Ray,
 You look well this lovely day.

Darling soon be well again,
It is a most sweet refrain;
My husband you go to see,
He's the one who pays the fee.

GLIMPSE OF AN EARTHLY HEAVEN

Along the street of Gladsome Cheer,
Joyous shouts you often hear;
Madam Grundy this street shuns,
Her old eyes dazzled by love's suns.

Children here are seen each day,
Busy as bees at childish play;
There papas all smile with merry glee,
Mamas coo little ones on their knee.

Hours fly fast on pinions of love
And baby coos like a turtle dove;
The old cat smiles at the fair sight,
And dogs think they are doing right.

And so you are, sweet little ones,
Just skip and play 'neath joyful suns,
Thus bringing to your mamas light,
And to your papas pleasures bright.

A DANDY IGNORED BY THE GIRLS, DERIDED BY THEIR FATHERS

Yankee Dandy took this step,
Yankee Dandy fairly wept;
Yankee Dandy smiled again,
Yankee Dandy warded off rain.

Yankee Dandy walked one morn,
Yankee Dandy faced the storm;
Yankee Dandy met Fan's dad,
Yankee Dandy was called Pad.

Yankee Dandy felt all damp,
Yankee Dandy was termed tramp;
Yankee Dandy tustled with fate,
Yankee Dandy could get no mate.

Sat himself down, pouted quite long,
Finally this was his woeful song;
Yankee Dandy has none to love,
No soft cooing, sweet turtle dove.

Alone, I fight the battles of life,
Breasting billows, tustling with strife;
For there's none who will look at me,
Except that doleful Twe-tee-wee.

A little wild, wee looking tot,
For her I wouldn't give one jot;
So to my bachelor den I go,
To curb my wrath, and ease my woe.

QUERULOUS

Ted, come here and rock the cradle,
While I stir this soup with ladle;
Mamie, iron these dresses, please,
Dock, that cat you must not tease.

Here, Tom, take this pail for water,
Go, or I'll give you a trotter;
Frank, I need wood for the stove,
Don't stand there and say, "by Jove."

Company, and naught to cook,
What is life but a horrid crook;
Baby is waking, I believe,
I would fain cry up my sleeve.

A CROSS CUT SAW

"Our wash-woman's bringing laundry home;
She's rather a comely but good old crone."

"Don't speak so ill of Mrs. Ledrue,
Else as a sister I'll disown you."

"Oh, come down from your lofty perch,
Else get your highness in a lurch."

"Fie, I am more than ashamed of you,
This waywardness you soon must rue."

"Oh, you think that you can rule me,
I'll make you jump just like a flea;
Here I come, worse than a cyclone,
I just knew that I'd made you groan."

DARING DICK AND HIS CHAGRIN

Well, sir, do you want me to tell you all about the stern fact? Take a seat and I will try to disclose to you the startling occurrences; I was, and am still, the bane of this school, if the truth must be told. Have whipped several of the children, and have gone so far as to shake my fist at the teacher with a vivacious audacity, and as a consequence, have been shoved back into Dunce-cap corner many a time. But I am still the old Tone, afraid of no man, not even the moon nor the stars. Don't you smile, if you do, I may prove your death-trap. Ah, that ghastly pallor; even the teacher looks scared. Gee, here comes old Nick himself. I—be-lieve—I'll—I'll—leave. (Exit with a look of horror and downcast mien. Old Nick, one of the larger boys all rigged up.)



*"She sent me oranges when I was sick,
And also a great striped candy stick."*

MY TEACHER

My teacher's a sweet lady fair,
With lovely eyes and dark brown hair;
She's a maiden lady, why to-be-sure,
And scores of beaux she's sent through the door.

'Tis the stern fact, Thomas Howard,
Don't you stand there and act the coward;
My sweet little teacher, Miss May Brown,
Is the only sweet girl in all this town.

She sent me oranges when I was sick,
And also a great striped candy stick;
Juicy apples came by the score,
And all kinds of toys and nuts galore.

I appreciated her kindness so,
That mother sent her a handsome beau;
'Twas Uncle Jack, from his silver mine,
From the much famed Eldorado clime.

He gave his love a golden ring,
That she to him forever would cling;
So you've learned that acts of joy
Are returned even by a school boy.

THE COMICAL

"This dismal rainy day gives me the blues,
Hand me that paper, let me see the news.

'Wanted, a nice, good girl to do housework,
Who never will hang on the gate, nor shirk.'

Oh, what a comical ad, say, did you ever?
Editor must have thought himself quite clever."

"You gump, the editor did not do that,
It was most likely Irish Mike or Pat."

"Ha, here's another one that beats the band,
'Della, meet me at the banana stand.'

That editor must be a funny man,
To advertise in this way for that clan."

"Mamie, he had nothing to do with it,
He took their money, and he grinned, by grit."

"I knew Captain Nemo would have his say,
He almost always does on a rainy day."

KER-WHACK AND OVER SHE WENT

Tom, do you want me to tell you 'bcut the moon,
That great dish of fat and the larder spoon;
That sniptious, vindictive, wonderful old cow
Who over the moon went, raising such a grum row ?

That wonderful cow swallowed both spoon and lard,
Thought from her gestures the substance was hard;
A most grimy and tragical face that cow made
And this peaceful world at large tried t' upbraid.

Over the mountainous moon she did flee,
Falling right down into China's green tea;
Ha, took the pigtail Chinaman on her back,
Skipped over the moon and fell down ker-whack.

BILLIE AND THE GOAT

Down town Billie went on a goat,
It was all it could do, him to tote;
He halted at the blacksmith shop
And the smith the poor goat's ears did crop.

He now up the street did make his way,
Tipping his hat and saying good-day;
To a telegraph pole then hitched he the goat,
To the office he went and a letter he wrote,

He heard a commotion upon the street,
He walked out and a fright did meet;
The goat had gone for a man hard by
In green spectacles and blue-glass eye.

Mud all bespattered his garments new,
He dancing a jig to the street's whole crew;
The sheriff came along and the goat did take,
Leading poor Billie away in his wake.

SAMBO BRINGING IN MELONS

Watermelons are coming soon,
Hand me a fork, please, now a spoon;
No wonder the darkies as a rule,
Over melons become a fool.

My, you can't guess how good this is,
Now, please do try a piece, Miss Liz;
Now, what is your judgment, my dear?
"There's just as good in store next year."

FATE WILL SURE RULE

Pop says when I take to myself a bride,
In a sniptious fine carriage I surely shall ride;
Mam says to me, "Sam, you never shall wed
Until I myself am entirely dead."

Which of the two's to be boss of me,
Is far, far more than this boy can see;
I suppose grim fate will take me in tow,
And give me my share of a Benedict's woe.

SUNSHINE BROADCAST

My mama has a way of kissing us tots,
 Which causes us little ones to think of her lots;
 In our gleeful play we oft speak of mama,
 Calling her fairy queen, our sissy Rommer.

Pop's the old Blue-beard o' the family, you know,
 Rises of mornings when chickens do crow;
 He whistles a jolly tune while at his work,
 Runs the gauntlet of Duty, nor never does shirk.

So the days in the sunshine are whiled away,
 Calling life very fine, as we skip and play;
 We meet papa at eve with a kiss and a smile,
 He calling each one his own bonnie child.

A GLIMPSE BEHIND THE SCENE

Two little girls were out walking one day,
 And this is what they were heard to say :
 "My mother has cares and sorrows, you know;
 From morning till eve she ever does sew."

"My mother has wealth at her own command,
 And we live in a mansion great and grand;
 So if thou with me to my home wilt go,
 I will tell my mother the story just so."

And many nice things she will give to thee,
 Filling thy tender heart with glee ;"
 "Oh, no, I prefer to work my way through,
 Then I would never have aught to rue.

Give to me work and I'll do it nice,
 And take all you have to give in a trice;
 Thereby lightening my mother's great cares,
 And checking the havoc of those gray hairs."

SIR DOG, MR. CAT

Sir Dog met Mr. Cat,
They shook hands, rat-tat;
"You look well today,"
Exclaimed Dog Ray.

"That I am, Sir Dog,
Sit here on this log;
At your side I'll repose,
To yourself your nose !

Your actions don't like,
That's your game, I'll fight."
On the lawn they tussle—
Sir Dog had to hustle.

A STORY I HERE TELL

Sweet little Miss May
Fell asleep one day;
A wolf coming by
Heard the wee mite's sigh.

Snarled all around,
Sniffed on the ground;
Arrows sped their way;
That wolf lies as clay.

A Knight of the wild
Saved that bonnie child.
She's a darling dear,
With eyes of blue clear;

Her mother's pet and pride;
The sun's glistening bride;
A fairy nymph of light,
Wreathed in spangles bright.

COURTESY WON

Sir Johnnie Jones
Bless his old bones;
Lives on a hill
Near a rippling rill.

With Maggie May
He played one day:
He tore her hat,
She broke his bat.

She slapped his face,
He bowed with grace;
They laughed with glee
Skipping o'er the lea.

LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS

A sheet of paper, now pencil, please;
Now a seat upon my papa's knees.
Thank you, dear mama, that will do;
This pencil happens to be blue.

Santa Claus, bring me a doll,
I promise not to name her Moll;
With rosy cheeks and great blue eyes,
With curly hair of raven dyes.

A baby buggy you may bring,
A locket, also golden ring.
The ring is for wee me, you know,
Locket around my neck will go.

Lots of other things bring too,
And believe me, I'll thank you;
I bid you goodbye for this time,
Excuse this poor attempt at rhyme.

DINAH AND SAMBO

Old Aunt Dina went la, la, la,
Her dear Sambo went ha, ha, ha;
They both are coal black alike
And dwell quite near the old turnpike.

The full corn cribs they visit too,
And chicken roosts, well, not a few;
Many miles they trudging go
Where the rooster oft doth crow.

They ply their skill ever anew,
Regardless of their dingy hue;
They both now march boldly along
In the darkness before the dawn.

One has a load of melons fine,
The other, a drove of grunting swine.
They to their cabin now do rove,
Deep within the forest grove.

THE CUNNING FOX AND THE TIGER

Two children came glibly along the forest path; so intent were they that neither heard the pat-pat of the tiger's feet behind them.

"Good morning, my dears." So sudden was his salute that their heads fairly whizzed. "You don't seem to recognize your grandmother."

They hung their heads in a terrified way and said not a word.

"You are mistaken, my good sir, I am their grandmother." The voice seemed to come from among the trees a long ways off, but in reality was only a few paces from the now sullen tiger. He had been contemplating a delicious dinner, and was he to be baffled at this late hour? and that, too, by a small, insignificant something or other? Never! and his tail went whack, whack.

The voice began again: "Mr. Tiger, oh, you see

that I recognize you, but my errand is simply this: there is a herd of young deer down at the salt-lick, and —and I would like to have you assist me in their capture, letting half of the game go to your honorable self.

The tiger in his eagerness to capture the prize made one bound toward the cunning fox and paused in perplexity. What if he should get himself into a snare? And his tail went whack, whack.

The children, having received a knowing wink from their rescuer, had noiselessly taken their departure. The conceited tiger and Sobriety, the cunning fox, stood face to face, contemplating each other.

Finally, the fox said, "Salt-lick is just over the hill; I will ride over on your back if you will be so kind."

"Certainly, my friend," and the tiger's confidence returned. Master Fox bounded lightly to the tiger's back and off through the forest they go.

Now it chanced that this way led to a hunter's trap, and while the fox was pointing out a tree, beneath whose spreading branches lay the salt-lick; the tiger deliberately set his paw in the snare. Up sprang the trap, suspending the now frantic beast in mid-air.

The fox had leaped off onto a log, dancing in glee. A noise in the brush, bang! and the old tiger expires without so much as a glance at his betrayer.

"Good riddance of bad rubbish," exclaimed the fox.

A WEE TOT'S LOVES

I love my mama just so,
Papa, too, you all may know;
Both of them love me, you bet,
Though at times I oft do fret.

My papa says pig-a-wee
You jump worse than a flea;
Also says, he dreads the day
To see me wed and go way.





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"Frances."

Fears the man will prove a scamp,
And right over this green earth tramp;
Now do please all of you smile
At this wee, wee bit of a child.

GERALD

My papa loves his girl and boy
And buys us every kind of toy;
A pony and cart and a long train
Which shelters our dollies from the rain.

A stout wagon he bought us, too,
And plenty of sweet gum to chew;
A brand new suit I have right there,
Also, that lovely rocking chair.

A dog we have by name of Rover,
He sports each day in yonder clover;
So, dear friends, you all can see
That papa loves Frances and me.

FRANCES

And mama loves her boy and girl
With flashing eye and lovely curl;
Kisses us each hour in the day
Whether at work or whether at play.

Doll clothes she makes so dainty and rare
And rearranges my tangled hair;
Then when the day draws to a close
She bids us rest in sweet repose.

QUEER, ISN'T IT?

Read that valentine,
It is superfine;
There my highness be,
A fox up a tree.

“Fox of wisdom you
On your highness chew;
And when you do come down,
Scoot on under ground.”

THE SHADOW OF MINE

My valentine beats yours,
Here I am upon all fours;
The verse reads in this wise,
“Quit thou thy telling lies;
Seek thou thy mother’s arms,
And desist thee from my charms.”

ALMANACS

Almanacs as a rule
Make of no one a fool;
They tell thee of the sun,
And when the day is done.

Much from them thou canst learn
And almanacs thou shouldst not spurn;
Seek thou then therein to know
How thou shouldst do thus and so.

THE LUDICROUS GARNISHED WITH LABOR

A yoke of oxen was hauling hay,
Hauling it in a four wheel dray;
Across the field they pursue their course,
Bellowing their fool selves hoarse.

Pulled their burden to the barn door,
Their master dumps the whole on floor;
Switching their tails and bellowing loud,
Their mien was one that was willfully proud.

SALT

There is nothing like salt,
Even fills the brain's vault;
Tells its own gleeful tale,
And retains my pen frail.

Many cattle and swine,
Partake of this brine;
So you people now know
How the salt markets go.

AN INDUSTRIOUS WIFE'S BETTER-HALF TIPSY
AND ON A STICK HORSE

Get up, Dock, why don't you go on,
We will not get home before dawn;
That wife of mine is fussing now,
I see the shadows 'thwart her brow.

You are clumsier than Granny Goose,
When I get home I'll turn you loose;
I'll let you wander over the mead,
Finally sell you to lazy Ned.

I'll take the scolding from wife,
She who's clouded my sunny life;
Into Sluggish corner I'll take my seat,
And stay quite sober until next week.

LEN'S RIDE

Pop, I want to ride that colt,
Oh, no, sir, I am not a dolt;
O-ho, Johnnie, see me ride,
On this sniptious colt astride.

Whack, and over the laddie goes,
 Striking the ground upon his nose;
 A dolt, dad, you may now call me,
 With you, sir, I do agree.

BOYS WILL TALK, CANES WILL WALK

I have a new cane,
 Dad gave it to me;
 Walked up the lane
 With this crippled knee.

I picked up this pear,
 Had fallen from tree
 On the lawn out there;
 Here, take it, Ted wee.

PAT'S CHAGRIN

“Pat, good morning, me boy,
 Is that ye broken toy ? ”
 “It is, Irishman wise,
 How your red hair doth rise.”

“You little scamp, I'll beat ye,
 I'll rock ye from that tree.”
 “No you won't, Irish-man,
 You brag to beat the band.”

Whiz ! on the rock passed,
 Stuck in the fence fast;
 Disgusted, Pat walks away,
 Boy slides down to his play.

MUST TURN AWAY TO HIDE MY MIRTH

Fannie had a beau;
I listened, you know;
He said, "I love you;"
She said, "That will do."

He soon took his leave,
I laughed up my sleeve;
I crawled from 'neath stand,
And thought the scene grand.

THAT ROOSTER OF MINE

Well, sir, I once had a rooster,
To-be-sure he was a booster;
He spoke his own language, too,
And that's more than you can do.

Now, when he started to crow,
He roused the folks 'round, you know;
He paid all of his just dues ever,
And was a rooster great and clever.

A BOY SPEAKS

I like peaches, that I do,
And custard pies, which is true;
Grapes are no rarity to me
When I can climb the old pear tree.

Then I fill my pockets round
And slide on down to the ground;
O'er the fence I scooting go
To get away from my dad, you know.

ONE BOY'S PASTIME

Yes sir'ee, I have two cats,
A dog, too, that catches rats;
As for mice, we have not one,
Killing snakes is our main fun.

Coly scratches them right out,
While I with heavy club them rout;
Oh, it's greatest fun, you bet,
And Coly dog, he is my pet.

A COMPLICATED MATTER

Pop stated that when I wed
That he would give me a cow;
And uncle Jake smiled grimly,
And said he'd give me a plow.

My mama tendered me
A fine mountain goat;
A rather funny load,
'Tis as much as I can tote.

THE LITTLE DENTIST

Let's draw this old tooth,
Hold right still, now, Ruth;
Hold right still, don't move,
I'll probe 'long this groove.

I say, hold right still,
Or I'll double my bill;
Aha! now it's out,
To your work about.

LOST HIS PLACE

Pop is fond of the baby, you know,
And mama just loves its little toe ;
They hug and kiss that darling wee babe,
Which I shall now name "squally Bob Abe."

Oh, fie, you needn't to say I'm jealous,
I am only ardent and very zealous;
That's the rigid fact, you all may bet,
Whew, I would not condescend to fret.

IN OBEDIENCE TO THE LAW

The Bible's good and true,
It tells what we should do;
Let us all pray to God
To let dad spare the rod.

To make our dad the man
To bring us a brass band;
Then to Sunday-school we'd go,
Even through the blinding snow.

THE RAIN

Rain comes patterning and comes popping,
It comes splashing and comes hopping;
Now submerges our fair earth,
Checking out-door play and mirth.

The rain, the rain, this dismal rain,
A doleful tune is our refrain;
In-doors assuredly we'll stay
This dreadful, stormy, rainy day.

RESTRICTING TEACHER

Here, Martrilla, take this seat,
I will try to teach you Greek;
Multiply this eight by two,
Sixteen you have, that will do.

Take this number, add two more,
See, you now have even four;
W-h-y did you that,
H-a-t, now there's your hat.

Pick up that cane, put it there,
Take this comb, straighten your hair;
Lessons over for today,
Out of this house to your play.

THE WHEEL OF FATE

Quite a down-pour of rain today,
Drove us children in from play;
So your games we brought right out,
While John O'Tool, he fished for trout.

At yonder deep, clear water pool,
Sat the urchin, John O'Tool;
No fish he got, you may just bet,
But in he sneaked quite wringing wet.

MY CHOICE

A farmer's boy for me,
He is no goose, you'll see;
A sniptious, stalwart man,
With vim to beat the band.

He is the kind I like,
One ready for the fight;
One who can steer life's boat,
And 'bove all danger float.

ACTION PUT INTO WORDS

Mama, get me a bottle of ink,
Master Teddie, you need not blink;
A sheet of paper, you may get, too,
For I must write to Lucy Drue.

Thank you, my own little mama dear,
Naughty Teddy, quit pinching my ear;
Letter finished, ready for stamp,
Away to Post-office I must tramp.

MASTER LEN AND HIS TRICKS

John is the worst of boys,
He breaks all of my toys;
Tears all my cob pens down,
Chases me all around.

My kitty he teases, too,
And makes it cry "mew, mew;"
He runs off with my candy,
And plays Sir Len, the dandy.

VIOLETS CROWDED AROUND A HONEYSUCKLE,
WHICH HAD GROWN IN AN OLD SHOE

An old woman at Shoe took board,
And there she gathered her hoard;
They were six little children so dear,
With soft eyes of violet clear.

They crowded into the old shoe,
And peeped without at the few
Who passed so near their wee noses,
Amid the forest of roses.

NAUGHTY ELIZABETH JANE

That naughty Elizabeth Jane,
Lives up Disobedience's lane;
Tells stories instead of the truth,
And teases our poor little Ruth.

She came by here awhile ago,
She threw a rock and struck my toe;
She made great goo-goo eyes at me,
And said I was a hornet bee.

I'M ONLY A HORNET BEE

Don't expect too much of me,
I'm only a hornet bee;
A sting I have, sir, to be sure,
A case of grim blues I may cure;

And right now I will test my skill;
Oh, my ! your jumping beats to kill;
Oh, please do not cry so, my dear,
I'll come again another year.

REFUGEE FROM RUE LANE RECEIVES
SYMPATHY

Come in, Mrs. Ebenezer,
Your hand is a squeezer;
Take ye a seat by Jane,
And tell us about Rue Lane.

Just got a whipping, did you ?
Well, that's something to rue;
Here, dear, shake hands on that,
And I'll give ye a pity-pat.

ALINE'S MOUTH CRAMMED WITH PIE, FLOUR
OVER HER FACE

Come right on in, Aline Cave,
Thy pallor is strikingly grave;
Hast thou seen a ghost, my dear ?
Whisper the secret in my ear.

Oh, thou hast, just tell me where,
In Bridget's pantry, right out there ?
Shall go and see it for myself,
And get a pie from off the shelf.

THE BEAR

Willie and Al, take those seats there,
And I will act the cunning old bear;
Right out of a dense forest, I rove,
From out of my lair, in Midway Cove.

Here I come, snarling and sniffing, and growl,
Sit down on my haunches and sniff and howl ;
Sniff the soft air and walk, walk away,
Don't care for such in the light of day.

TOMMIE TINKLE

Tommie Tinkle, when a lad,
Was not very, very bad;
Though to the forest he went far
To catch a tiger and a bear.

He caught a kitten by the tail
And hung it over a fence rail;
Then he leaped astride a dog,
And swam the creek upon a log.

GRANDPA AND GRANDMA

Grandpa was a miller by trade,
And thought his fortune would be made
If he could wed grandma, you see;
He had a cottage beneath a tree.

He called one Sunday upon grandma,
And for her hand he asked her pa.
He gave consent with a grim smile,
And that's how I am their grand-child.

BY THE FIRESIDE

In the winter evenings, our gray cat
Sat purring in the chimney corner;
She grew so round, so plump and fat,
That all loved her, even cook Dorner.

The tiny mice she caught by the score,
Chasing them all around and around;
Across and up and down the floor,
Letting none get away under the ground.

LOOKING THROUGH STAINED GLASS

Dollie, let us pop this corn,
Get the popper, blow your horn;
Take the poker, stir the fire,
Be careful there, or bear my ire.



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*"Did you hear a pig grunt?
It was that tittle runt."*

Don't they look like balls of snow?
Aha, down my throat they go;
Oh, go on and pop some more,
Don't go rolling o'er the floor.

Here Dollie, take part of this,
You are crankier than Jim Bliss ;
The next time that I pop corn,
I'll not ask you nor your horn.

TWO CHILDREN, ONE AND FOUR

Did you hear a pig grunt ?
It was that little runt;
Papa gave it to me,
When I was only three.

GOOD OLD BOY

Papa is a dood old boy,
He dives me my 'ittle toy;
Can'y, too, he dives to me,
And to wee tisse Cowe.

DID YOU EVER ?

Pop goes the weasel, boys,
Pop goes the cat and toys;
Pop, here the puppy goes,
Aha, he strikes your nose.

GRIM LITTLE TOAD

A grim little toad
On a monkey rode;
Down the street they went,
And their money all spent.

CAT AND DOG

Ha, the cat and dog had a long, long talk,
The cat said, "Sir Dog, thou must walk;
Go thou; to thy home just over the way,
And there make sunshine this long, rainy day."

THE TINY RAFT

A boat is a little craft,
See, I have a tiny raft;
In water tubs, I let her go,
'Round and around she now doth row.

AN UNDISPUTED FOE

"Good morning my friend cat,
Please take a paw, rat-tat"
Sir Dog was cunning and wise,
But the cat worsted his eyes.

A PARODY ON MARY'S LAMB

Johnnie had a little cat with fur all white,
It trotted to the left, it trotted to the right;
It followed him to school many a day,
And frisked all about in its playful way.

PAPA'S AND MAMA'S TREASURE

Mama kisses me good-night,
And my papa holds me tight;
Both of them put me to bed,
Calling me their sleepy head.

A DECREE

You old cat,
Eat this rat;
Eat it all,
Else your pall.

THE HOUSE FLY

The house fly is a black little fellow,
And sometimes he is shining and yellow;
But 'tis when he gets into mischief, you know;
Into syrup, and into ginger bread dough.

THE MONKEY

A monkey is a comical fellow
When all dressed up in white and in yellow;
He somewhat resembles a frog at times,
And dances a jig to rickety rhymes.

THE BEAR

The bear lives in the wild, wild wood,
And hunts food for his children good;
He brings it home to them at night,
And the chubby cubs over it do fight.

THE CLOCK

A clock, my sweet mama has said,
Tells me the time to go to bed;
And tells the time, too, when to rise
To make me healthy, also wise.

A COMMAND OBEYED

Johnnie, take your seat right here,
Oh, you have nothing to fear;
Whew, I will not kiss you,
With that mouthful of chew.

Here, now, take dear little Lea,
Set the darling on your knee;
You're the boy that I do like,
So much better than Jake Dyke.

PLAYING PENCIL

Let's play pencil, Mag,
Tie around you this rag;
Ha, now you look alright,
A horrid boor, a fright.

Take a seat on this stool,
While I make of you a fool;
This pencil I pass to you,
Now on its edge please chew.

A BIRD'S NEST

A bird's nest is a funny thing,
From the bushy tree tops they swing;
Back and forth through the breeze they go,
Back and forth, just so and so.

MIRTH

Boo, boo, boo,
I'll get you;
Here we go,
Down this row,

'Round this chair
On a tear,
Across the hall;
Down you fall.

SIR JOHN GREEN

"Good-day, good Sir John Green,
You're looking rather lean."
"Nothing to eat for a week,
No wonder I look bleak."

TEDDIE SPEAKS

Dis is wee tisser's pictur,
And dis is brozer Victur;
Dey both are so very tweet;
'Ittle tisser has pink feet.

Her 'ittle nose is pink, too;
My mama tays dat will do;
Dat is when I pinch tisser's nose,
And when I bite her wee toes.

A LITTLE VERSE

Violets are blue,
Your eyes are, too;
Violets at my feet,
You're cunningly sweet.

THE BUTTERFLY

A butterfly sips the garden flower,
From day to day, from hour to hour;
Up on the wing it now doth go,
Out across yon field, I trow.

MOTHER

My mama's so tired tonight,
She's a widow with battles to fight;
Toils through days without a murmur,
Take's Life's stern and changes its rudder;
Hoist the sails, and away we go,
Away to Hope's great land, you know.

THE RAT

A rat ever capers and squeals,
And its lair it never reveals;
Sometimes it is caught in a trap,
Where it goes in its fright, rap, rap.

ONE BOY'S VIEW

President Roosevelt is my man,
That's the gospel fact, my Dan;
The old soldier boy is alright,
And always ready for the fight.

ROBIN RED-BREAST

Johnnie searched the woods for bird's nest,
There he found the Robin Red-breast;
A thrilling little songster was he,
Warbling forth his merry twit-wee.

TOT'S BED-TIME

By yonder clock it is now eight,
I'll take my shoes and set them straight;
I'll say my prayer at mama's knee,
Asking God to protect us three;
Kissing papa and mama good-night,
To pleasant dreams I'll take my flight.

A BARGAIN

Old Granny Goose, I have a doll to sell,
You may just buy her for your goslin Nell;
She has soft, dark eyes of a starry light,
And is robed in witchery's sparkles bright.

GRANNY GOOSE

“Pray, Granny Goose, who are you anyway,
That you should quack around so, day by day?”
“I am a matron of a distinct class,
And will not take from you any ‘sass.’ ”

With swan-like head erect, pursued her way,
And disappeared around yon hill of clay.

INQUISITIVENESS

Old Granny Goose, do you live on yon hill,
And of sweet, green peas do you get your fill;
And do you go flying far, far away,
Across the meadow and over the bay?
Tell us all of your quaint story true,
Just how you live, and just what you do.

LOOKING OUT FOR HER CHILDREN

Old Granny Goose marched along,
Right over the green, grassy lawn;
She went in quest of her bonnie child,
Helping itself to berries wild.

Her mien was one of matronly air,
As looking upon her goslin fair
She helped herself to berries sweet,
That were hanging near her feet;

Making a cry in solemn tone,
Calling her other children home,
Then they flew to their mother's call,
And gobbled up the black berries all.

ELATED

The duck took an outing,
'Twas in the month of June;
Sailed down Fairy river
Beneath a crescent moon.

She coasted 'round the bend,
On down to Gladsome town,
To wed Lieutenant Drake,
The city's comic clown.

BIRDS, CHILDREN AND MIRTH.

A. D. E.

Gaily.

—*

1. Fair - y song - sters fill the air, Flit - ting
2. Chil - dren swarm the lawn like bees, Now they
3. Back each comes with smil - ing face, With a

yon - der, here and there, Fly - ing o'er the
skip, now hop like flees, Now they glide quite
quick step, live - ly pace, Danc - ing by and

old hedge row, In and out and round they go.
out of sight, First to left and then to right.
all a - round, Trip - ping light - ly o'er the ground.

CLIMBING JACOB'S LADDER.

A. D. E.

Vivace.

—*

1. Here we're climb - ing Ja - cob's lad - der, Here we're
2. Up we go to the ver - y top, Up we

m

climb - ing Ja - cob's lad - der; Up one step and
go to the ver - y top; Now to the ground we

Dim. - - - - *m*

then an - oth-er, Up one step and then an - oth-er.
gen - tly drop, Now to the ground we gen - tly drop.

ROCK-A-BY, BABY.

A. D. E.

Tenderly.



1. Rock - a - by, ba-by, the wind doth sweep, Rock - a - by,
2. Rock - a - by, ba-by, your moth-er's love, Rock - a - by,
3. Rock - a - by, ba-by, my own bright one, Rock - a - by,



ba - by, go thou to sleep; Rock - a - by, ba - by, clock's
 ba - by, my coo - ing dove; Rock - a - by, ba - by, in
 ba - by, best 'neath the sun; Rock - a - by, ba - by, a



tick-ing a - way, Rock - a - by, ba-by,'tis close of day.
 land of Nod, Rock - a - by, ba-by,sweet gift of God.
 star of light, Rock - a - by, ba-by,sleep thro' the night.

FAIRY MAIDEN.

A. D. E.

Valse.



1. Fair - y maid - en is our song, Here we
 2. Fair - y maid - en is our song, Here we
 3. Fair - y maid - en still our song, How we



lead her all a - long; From New - town un -
 swing her all a - long; Now we'll take this
 love thee all a - long; Back to New - town



to Cape Vance, To the mu - sic we will dance.
 sha - dy lane, While we sing a sweet re - frain.
 now we're bound, Skip- ping light - ly o'er the ground.



March on; goddess, down thro' time, March thee, march on

MARCH.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef staff with a key signature of two flats. The middle staff is a bass clef staff with a key signature of two flats. The bottom staff is a bass clef staff with a key signature of two flats. The music is in common time. The vocal line starts with a dotted quarter note followed by an eighth note, then a dotted half note followed by an eighth note. The piano accompaniment consists of eighth-note chords in the bass and eighth-note chords in the treble.

down thro' time; March on, god-dess, down thro' time,

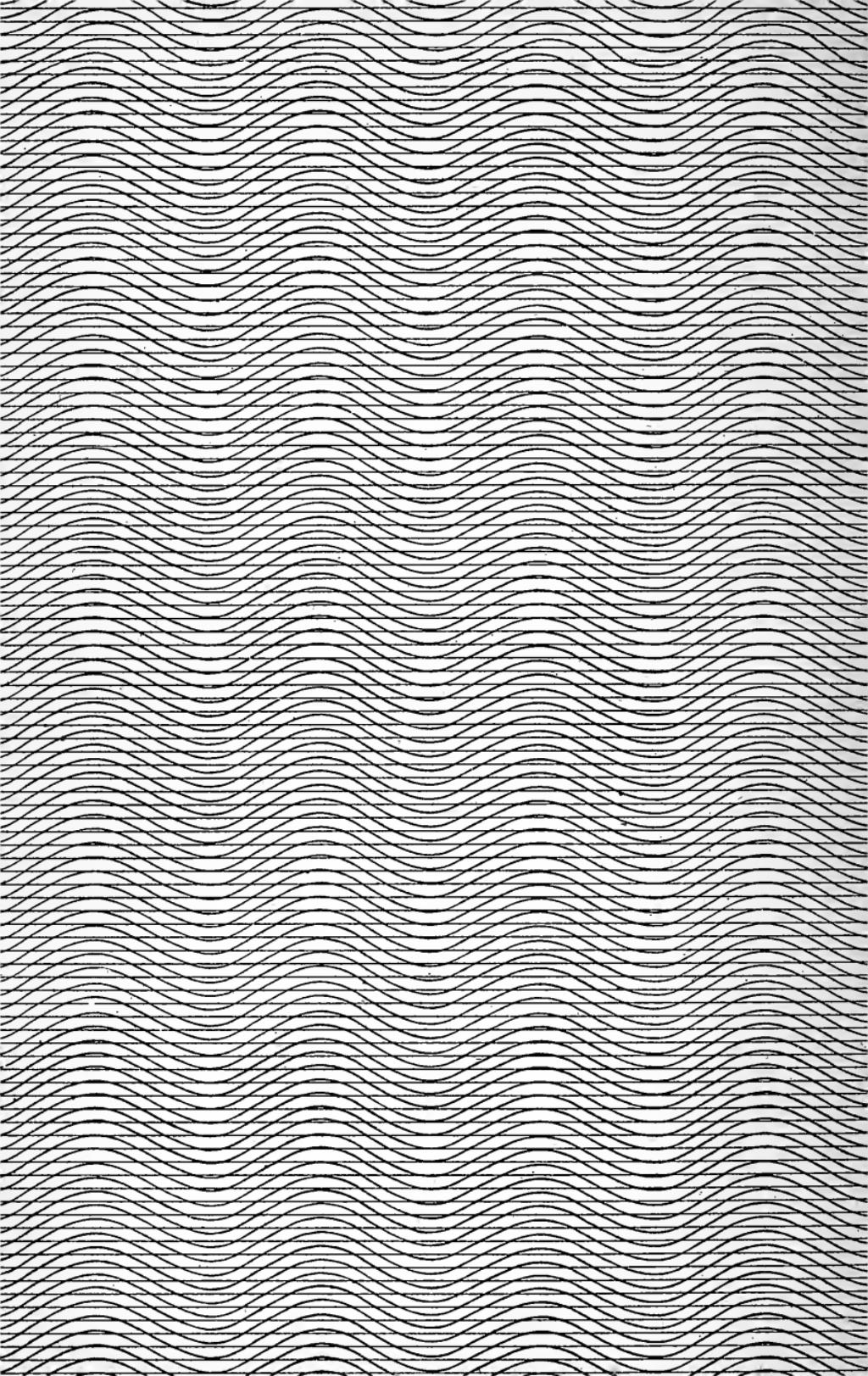
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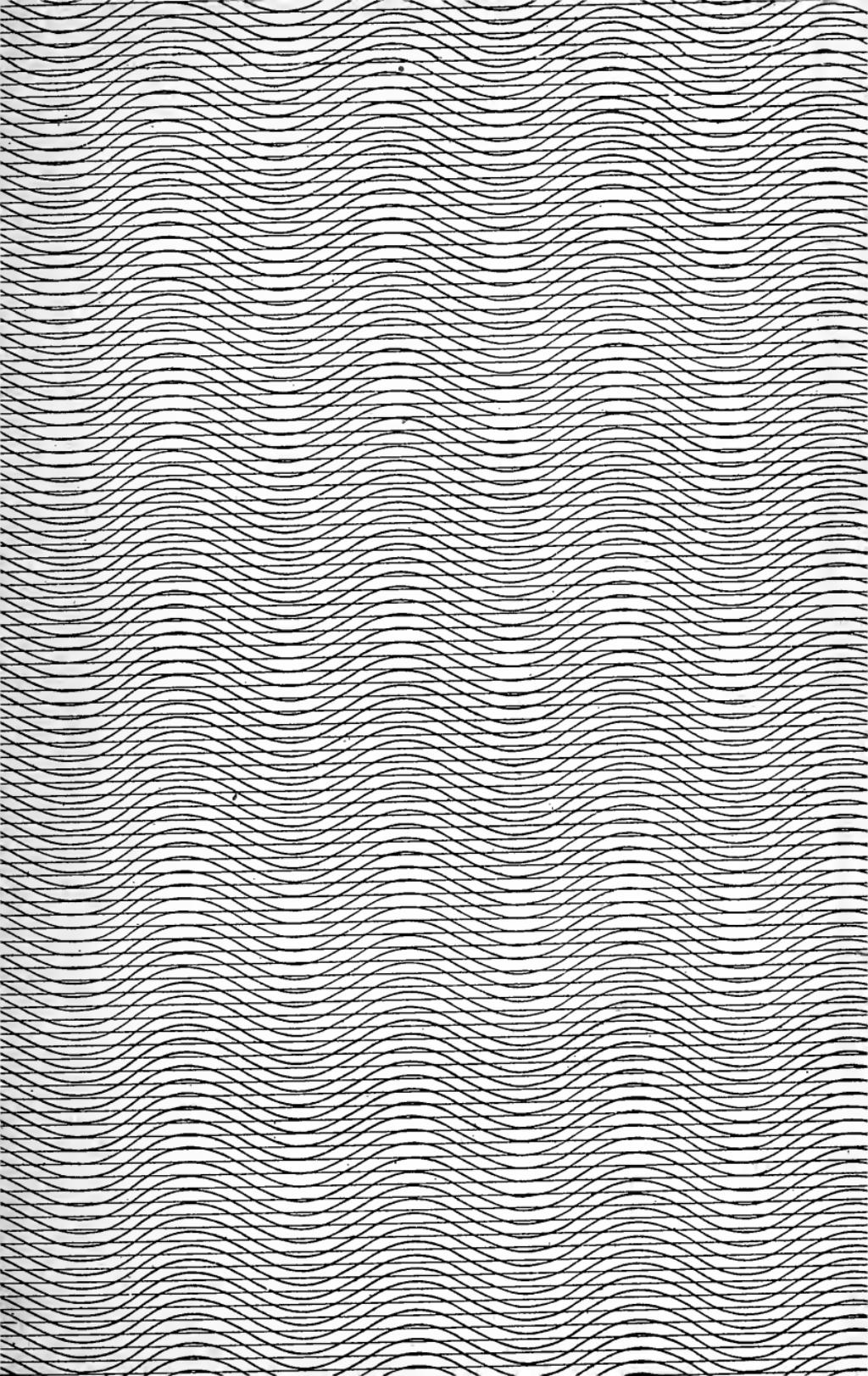
God - dess fair, march on thro' time.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef staff with a key signature of two flats. The middle staff is a bass clef staff with a key signature of two flats. The bottom staff is a bass clef staff with a key signature of two flats. The music is in common time. The vocal line starts with a dotted quarter note followed by an eighth note, then a dotted half note followed by an eighth note. The piano accompaniment consists of eighth-note chords in the bass and eighth-note chords in the treble.

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